

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE



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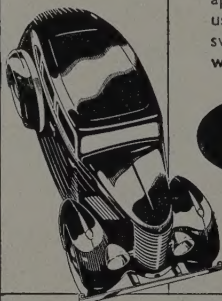
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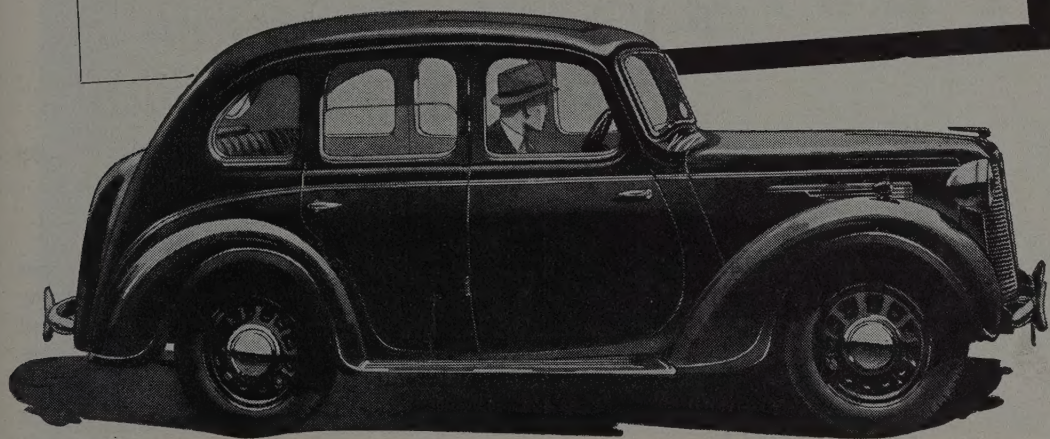
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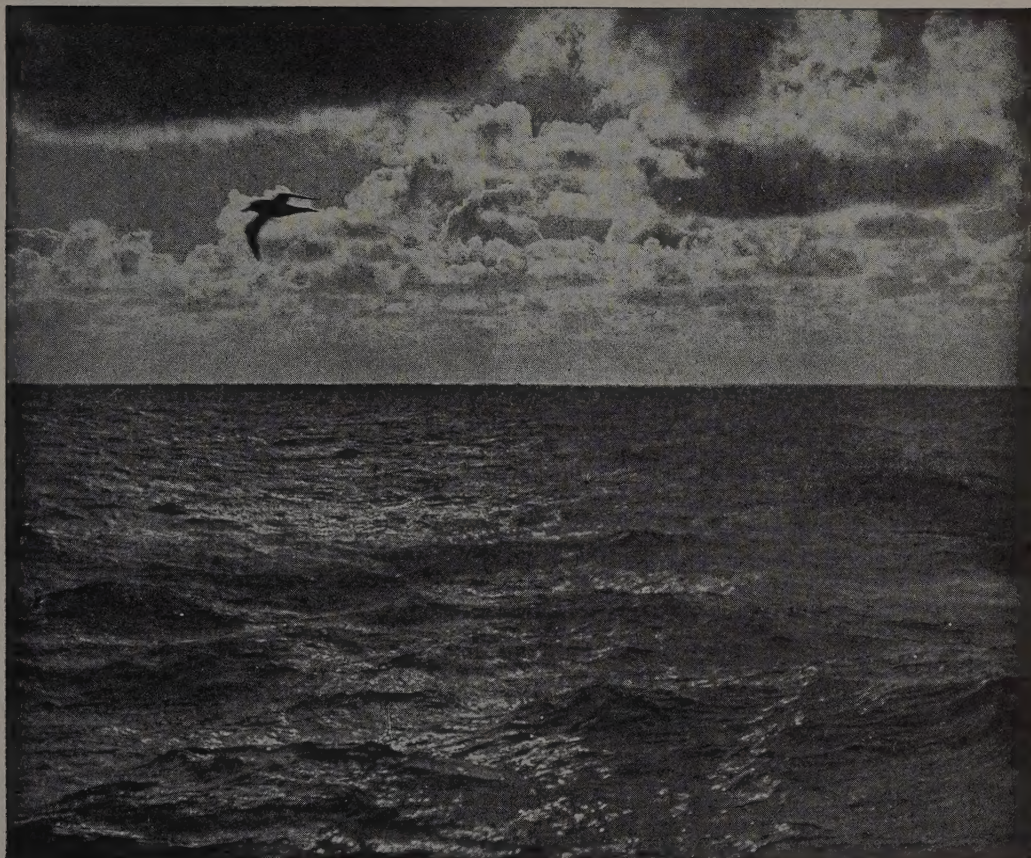
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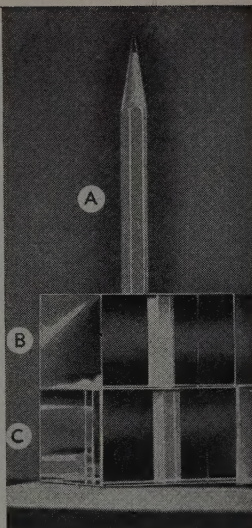
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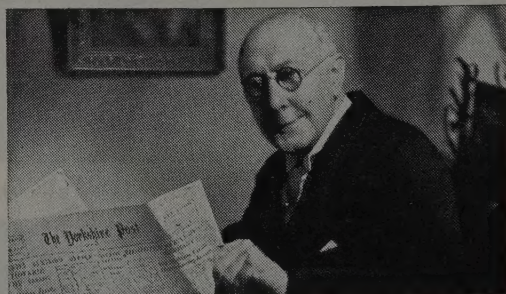
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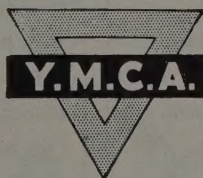
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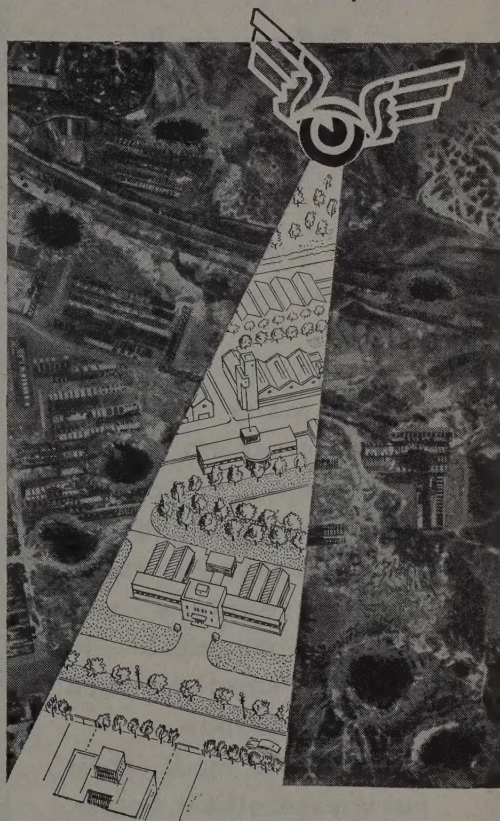
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The End of the War in Northern Norway

by STEPHEN BONE

EVERYONE in Oslo was feeling uncommonly tired and sleepy on the morning of June 8. The day before had been one of immense excitement. It had begun early for those who owned boats, for they had decorated them with green boughs and set off down Oslo Fjord to meet the British cruiser *Norfolk* which was bringing home King Haakon VII after five years' exile—five years to the day. With *Norfolk* had come her sister ship *Devonshire* and four destroyers—*Opportune*, *Obdurate*, *Onslow* and *Stord* (of the Royal Norwegian Navy)—and, crowding in on all sides, the immense and miscellaneous fleet of small boats packed with happy and excited people. At noon the King had landed and the multi-

tudes ashore had greeted him; in the afternoon a procession of a hundred thousand, more perhaps, had marched past him bearing dramatic banners; and then in the evening there had been fireworks and bands and dancing until the short summer night was over. No wonder that next day there was a tendency to oversleep.

However, by the afternoon we were all feeling a little more normal and it became possible to find some people who could answer my simple inquiry. "What," I asked, "should I do now?" I explained that I was an official war artist and that, although the war was over, I hoped it would still be possible to find a few subjects that would tell



Storford, London

something of what the war had meant to Norway. Receptions and cheering crowds and processions I had seen; what else was there?

One answer was: "Go and see the Germans and their ships interned at Sjursoya." So I went, but this did not occupy me long. Another answer I got was: "You must meet 'Primus'." So I was introduced to him. He was a young Lieutenant in the Norwegian Army and he had the highest of Norwegian medals with a bar to it. He also had a British D.S.O. and an M.C. Like others who had been doing these dangerous jobs he had used a 'cover name', but his real name can now appear. 'Primus' was Knut Haugland. He had been the hero of an extraordinary variety of exploits, from sabotage of the famous 'heavy water' plant to the operation of secret radio transmitters from all kinds of strange places. In a wood near Oslo he showed me how he worked his suitcase transmitter and I made a drawing. A remarkable man.

A third answer to my question had come from the Norwegian Army's Public Relations Officer. He said, "Go north," and, when I asked why, he explained that the far north of Norway had been a place of great strategic importance in the last months of the war and that he thought I would find it interesting. "In the autumn of 1944," he said, "the Germans decided to pull out of the whole province of Finmark and to put two hundred miles of devastated country between themselves and the Russians who were advancing from Petsamo. They completely destroyed Finmark and retreated on the Lyngen line which they intended to hold to the end. They were confident that it could never be stormed; and before you say that's nonsense you'd better go and have a look at it."

He showed me the map and I observed again how narrow northern Norway is from Trondheim Fjord all the way up to the North Cape. At Lyngen Fjord, for instance, it is little more than twenty miles from the deep unfreezing water of the fjord to the bleak hill of Treriksrosen (Three Kingdoms Cairn) where Norway, Sweden and Finland all meet at a pile of stones. This twenty miles is a remarkably strong defence line against Russians, Norwegians or Finns advancing from the north and east, for one end of it is firmly based on neutral Sweden and the other on the fjord. To cross the fjord in boats would be difficult or impossible for the western shore of the fjord is a fierce wilderness of crags and glaciers. The Germans fully realized the immense strategic importance of

northern Norway and they were determined to hold on to it, come what might. "Yes," said this helpful Norwegian officer, "if I were you, I'd go north."

So I did. There were only two Catalinas a week from Oslo to Tromsø and when I asked for a passage I found that most of the available space was taken up with boxes of DDT, the new anti-louse powder, which seemed to have a higher priority than any passengers; nevertheless, I managed somehow to squeeze in and, sitting on a box of DDT, was soon gazing down on a diminished Oslo from the Catalina's starboard blister.

The journey by air from Oslo to Tromsø is nearly a thousand miles. The first part was agreeable but unexciting; woodland and brown moors alternated with dairy-farming valleys. Distant hills looked like blue and white zebras and far away one could see the high snowy plateaux that are the core of central Norway. Trondheim by its blue fjord had a thin smoke haze over it, with the spike of its ancient cathedral in the middle.

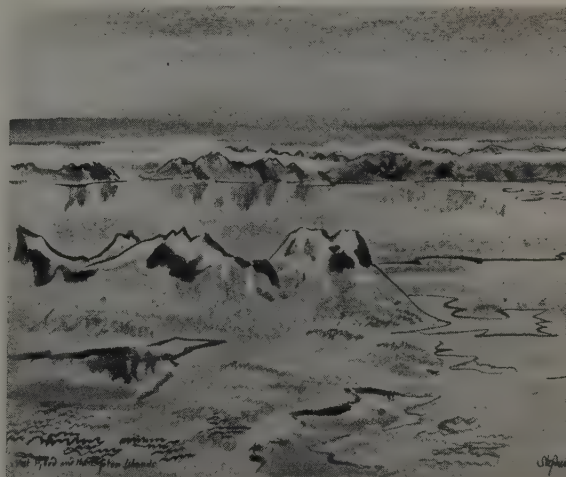
Beyond Trondheim the Catalina followed the coast. On the starboard side the mountains grew steadily more and more surprising in shape, wilder and stranger. On the port side was the blue sea and batches of islands. One batch looked like a baking of pink buns fresh from the oven, the next were long and spiky—like cheese straws perhaps; and then would come an archipelago like Savoy biscuits, which—if I remember right—used to have round ends and a waist in the middle. We passed over Namsos, or what was left of it, for it had been almost completely destroyed in the 1940 fighting and all one could see was a blackened patch of earth over which the streets still made a gridiron pattern. On the perimeter of this were some regularly arranged specks that were prefabricated wooden houses imported from Sweden. The town of Bodø was much the same, a melancholy sight.

By this time we had come in sight of the Lofotens, looking as jagged as the broken bottles on top of a wall. We saw the houses of Narvik and began to descend a little as we drew near Tromsø. The snow came further down the hillsides here for we were by now some two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle and in June the summer has only just begun.

There is no antiquity in Tromsø or in any of these northern towns, for the whole coast of this part of Norway was practically uninhabited before the beginning of the 19th century. Sealers and whalers and cod fishers had a few small temporary settlements; but,



(Above) Lieutenant Knut Haugland of the Norwegian Army and an assistant rehearsing for the benefit of the artist their method of operating a secret radio transmitter disguised as a suitcase. This young officer is the almost legendary 'Primus' whose exploits include various brilliant pieces of sabotage. (Below) Vest Fjord and the Lofoten Islands from the air





The German army in Norway was over 360,000 strong. The heart of their defence system in the north was the valley leading from Skibotn on Lyngen Fjord up to Kilpisjärvi in Finnish Lapland. When this drawing was made several thousand Germans were occupying camps concealed in the forest

until comparatively recently, things there were much as they had been when Ohthere, who certainly did not live north of Malangen Fjord, described himself to King Alfred as the most northerly landowner in all Norway. Near the North Cape one is only some twelve hundred miles from the Pole, and the summer, hot though it often is, is too short for grain crops, so that it was only when the potato made its curiously belated appearance in Norwegian history that these valleys could be used for anything other than hay and a little summer grazing for the cattle. These cattle, by the way, live largely on fish like their owners.

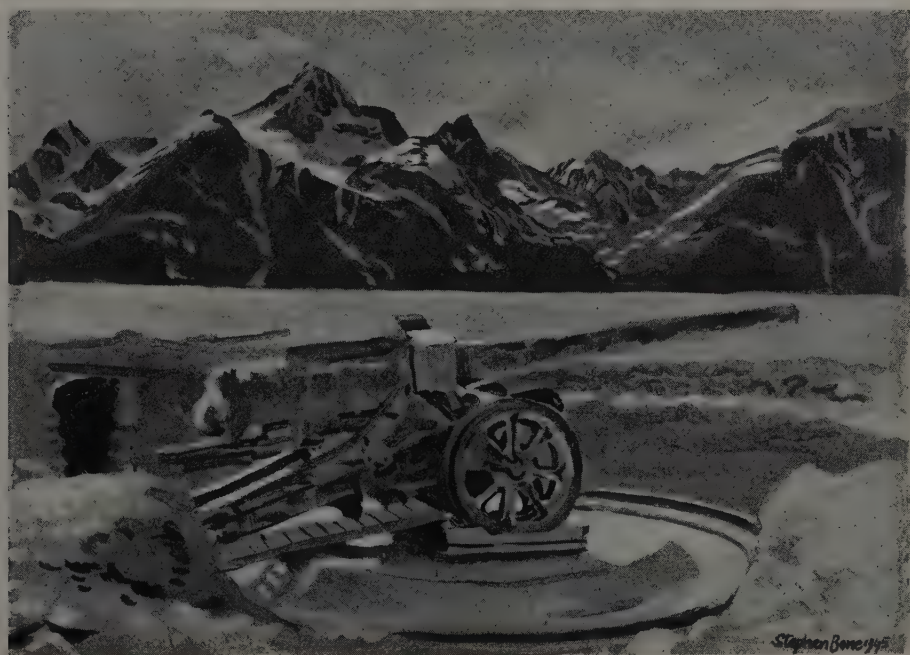
Tromsø, with its whale-boats and seal-boats busy fitting out, was an interesting place, but it was not my real objective, so I called on another helpful Norwegian soldier who provided a Mercedes Benz and a German chauffeur. The way to Lyngen Fjord lay beside still water and through woods of feathery birch trees with here and there a rowan or a flowering bird-cherry. It seemed as if pines and fir trees could only establish themselves in a few specially favourable

places, but the birch filled every valley and climbed high up the hills. For the first sixty or seventy miles the only effect of war to be seen was the empty cages of a silver fox farm—it had not been possible to feed them during the war years. Suddenly, however, we came to a cross-roads and saw an unusual sight: a German military policeman directing traffic. German soldiers were not an unusual sight in Norway last June but hitherto all those I had seen had been directed rather than directing. Soon other unusual sights appeared. I saw unroofed barns, not unroofed by high explosive or mere decay but deliberately removed by someone who wanted the roofing for another purpose. It was clear we had reached the area of compulsory evacuations and the Germans had been stripping the empty houses. The road took us through a big hutted camp decorated with red flags and stars and portraits of Stalin, where the Russians who had been the Germans' prisoners were sitting in the sunshine recovering from their experiences.

Our destination was a house—wooden, of course—that had been built in 1938 and after

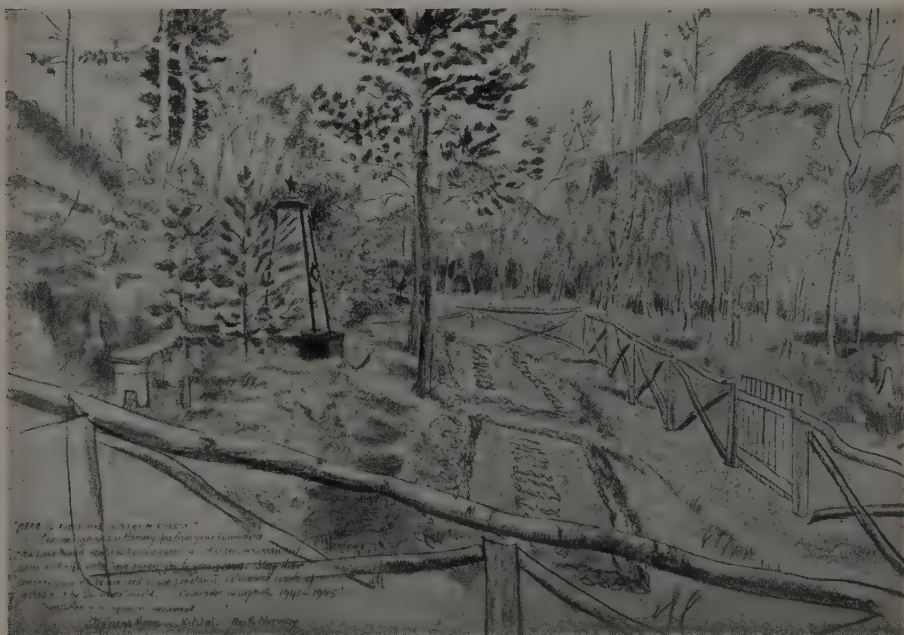


(Above) *The British camp near Skibotn, with Mount Buoidoiaivve beyond. Here were collected arms and transport of the capitulated German army, who disarmed themselves in obedience to orders. (Below) German guns at Djupvik, Lyngen Fjord, intended to guard the entrance*





(Above) Russian prisoners were forced to build fortifications in northern Norway. By mid-September 80,000 Soviet citizens had been repatriated from Norway. Ex-prisoners are shown embarking at Skibotn for Murmansk. (Below) A Russian memorial to men who died in the Kitald camp



one season as a tourist hotel had had five as a German officers' mess before the Norwegian army took possession. Here I stayed for some time, constantly struck afresh by the wild sleepless beauty of the arctic summer and wondering at the grotesque chance that had made one of the most remote places in Europe into an enormous armed camp.

For this countryside, normally so lonely, was crowded with camps of plywood huts in every valley and beside every fjord. First of these strangers numerically and chronologically came the Germans, the Sixth Mountain Division, of whom there were said to be eighteen thousand in the districts of Troms and Finmark. These Germans were smart, soldierly, young and good-looking, but one odd thing became evident as one walked about in the woods containing their huts. "Are all German camps as casual about sewage disposal?" I asked a Norwegian army doctor. "Some are worse," he said. "The Germans appear to have no field hygiene whatever. It has astonished us all."

Then there were the Russians, some six or seven thousand perhaps. They had been living in conditions of fearful want and squalor until the arrival of Allied soldiers had set them free. Near the former tourist hotel there was a big river hurrying snow-water to the sea and beside it a flat patch of gravelly ground in which holes had been dug. Over these holes had been laid trunks of slender birch trees and over these turves. Here Russian prisoners had passed an arctic winter. "The Germans said the Russians were dirty," said a Norwegian officer. "I was the first Allied officer who came into this stinking camp and do you know what these poor devils did as soon as we told them they were free? They started building a bath-house." The Russians have left many dead in Norway; the bodies were to be found closely packed in great mass-graves or lying unburied in the woods. They have now been reburied decently and monuments have been erected by their compatriots. I copied the inscription on one. Translated it read: "Here, in the grim mountains of Norway, far from your homes, you have found death in Fascist captivity. Hunger, cold, inhuman toil, whips and rifle-butts have driven you to your graves. Sleep, dear comrades! You will be avenged by proletarian bolshevist justice before the whole world."

This is not quite the same as our lapidary style but its vigour is undeniable.

Near one of the Russian cemeteries was a German one, and in it were four or five graves that must have had a story, but it was

a story I did not get. They were graves of Germans who had been executed by their own people. Executed on May 10—two days after the armistice. I wonder . . .

Contrasting notably with the big German and Russian camps was the minute British one where a few AA gunners supervised the disarming of the Germans and helped with the repatriation of the Russians who were being sent off by sea to Murmansk. The Germans were bringing arms and equipment to big dumps in the forest and there one could see odd sights like a stack of a thousand horse-collars or one of ten thousand skis.

The Norwegian soldiers in the Lyngen neighbourhood were dressed in grey uniforms that had come from Sweden. The Swedes had allowed refugee Norwegians to train as 'police' troops and when the armistice had come these police had hurried over the frontier and joined the underground army in Norway in what seems to have been a very well planned operation. The Norwegian police troops here were largely medical, concerned with the well-being of the Russians and of such Norwegian civilians as still remained.

There were even soldiers of a fifth nationality, for, as I sat talking in one of the British huts, three Finnish officers were announced. They had come from the Finnish frontier post and wanted to meet the newly arrived British and no doubt to obtain some idea of what was happening in this place where so much potentially explosive material was lying about. The British received them hospitably and next day my Mercedes Benz took them back again.

It was a slow journey over a terrible road but it was interesting to see the gradual change from thick birchwoods to bleak tundra as we climbed the Skibotn valley to its head. As we at last left the trees behind, the road unexpectedly forked, one branch leading straight into the water of a big lake. "I'm sorry we have to take the summer road," said one of the Finns, and I realized that a lot of these fearful jolts would have been unnecessary during the eight months or so that the lake was frozen. The Finns said the lakes were full of fish, even lakes still higher in the hills where the ice seldom melts before the beginning of August. These fish must lead an odd life.

Up here the Germans had destroyed all the telegraph posts and burnt mile after mile of the ten-foot snow fences that prevent big drifts and are essential if the road is to be kept open during the winter. We came to a blown-up bridge. We got out and



(Above) Bålh and Päiviö, the Lapps encountered by the author near the Finnish frontier. Bålh carries modern field-glasses: necessary equipment for a reindeer herdsman. These men were reconnoitring the zone of military operations to see whether reindeer could once more be brought to pasture there. (Below) A farmhouse at Mandal burnt by the Germans



walked. Fortunately there were no mines.

Six or seven miles inside Finland was the frontier post. "We're building a new house," said one of the Finns. "The Germans took the old one away with them when they retreated and re-erected it somewhere down the valley." "How far is it to the next Finnish house?" I asked. "About a hundred kilometres," they said.

A desolate country this, but not quite so lonely as one might suppose, for its ancient inhabitants were still living here and they have never had much use for houses. Two of them were waiting beside my car when I got back to it and as they stood up on my approach I had an odd illusion that they were of enormous size. As I drew nearer I saw that, on the contrary, they were small sturdy Lapps with short strong bow-legs who had looked enormous because of the dwarf trees among which they stood and because of their fantastically brilliant clothes and queer great caps. These Lapps were on reconnaissance. During the war they had kept themselves and their reindeer as much as possible inside neutral Sweden and had given up their annual migrations to the fjords, but if all the Germans and Russians were at last going to take themselves off, the Lapps were anxious to resume their immemorial nomadic routine. I reassured them and they climbed into the car with their dogs to come down and see for themselves.

I had by this time explored the western side of the fjord pretty thoroughly and I decided to cross it. At Mandal I saw devastation for the first time. Every house in this pleasant little valley had been burnt to the ground; even the pier had been burnt down. Pathetic odds and ends lay about. The story of the destruction of Mandal was much the same as that of other townships in northern Norway. The Germans had arrived at night. "They always came at night; it made the flames more impressive and it was easier to get the people when they were in their beds." Nevertheless, the inhabitants ran to the snowy woods and hid there. The Germans gave orders for them to embark at once in local fishing boats and threatened to shoot the crews unless the villagers obeyed. "So we went on board, what else could we do? Then the Germans burnt the houses." "When did this happen?" "April the seventeenth." Three weeks before the capitulation! When it was obvious to all the world that Nazi Germany was doomed, these Germans were still methodically burning Norwegian villages.

Mandal at least was unmined. From

Wooden warehouses at Tromsø, with H.M.S. Torrington in the background. A frigate of the 'captain' class, she was 'showing the flag' in liberated northern Norway. The time-honoured procedure is that in one small port after another the ship is thrown open to visitors who crowd aboard, fascinated to see the inside of a British warship. A cocktail party for the local notables — the mayor, the leader of the local resistance movement, the harbour master, etc.— goes on in the ward-room. In the evening the Norwegians returned the hospitality



Kvenangen Fjord eastwards the villages and farms had not only been burnt down; the ruins had been mined and mines had been scattered at random over the valleys. The clearing and rebuilding of Finmark is going to be a prolonged task. Nevertheless, the people were already on their way back; on their way back to utter desolation with the arctic winter only a few weeks ahead. When I returned to Tromsø I found ships there newly arrived from the south, packed with passengers as I had never seen ships packed before. Men and women and children sleeping in lifeboats, under lifeboats, in every alley-way and on the engine-room gratings. The Finmark folk, like other Norwegians, want desperately to take possession of their own country once more.

The Russians had nearly all gone before I left. The Germans are by this time on their way south. Soon the Norwegian peasants and fishermen will be left unmolested on this arctic coast, the Lapps will resume possession of the uplands, and all that will remain of this strange five years will be the Germans' great gun emplacements and aerodromes with a few new piers and roads: an inadequate recompense for the destruction of a whole arctic community.

Midsummer midnight at Tromsø. On the evening of June 23rd practically everyone throughout the length and breadth of Norway goes to some open place and lights a bonfire. It is a custom much older than Christianity. The Germans had forbidden bonfires during their occupation; there was therefore a special zest about the midsummer bonfires of 1945



Impressions of San Francisco

by G. PAUL CLIFTON

News came to the world on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, that the United Nations Conference, aimed to create world peace, was to be held in San Francisco. Two days later, on leave from pilot training in the States, we saw the city for the first time.

San Francisco, affectionately 'S.F., Calif.', was cosmopolitan in every way. Its beautiful setting between sea, sky and hills, its wide streets, bridges and big harbour were like Sydney. Its tall buildings were similar to those of New York: Montgomery Street (S.F.) and Fifth Avenue (N.Y.) both seemed like canyon bottoms; Golden Gate span resembled New York's George Washington bridge. From the sea San Francisco resembled Mediterranean ports. Bright trawlers packed the fishing harbour; nets dried in the sun and ships' bells chimed the hours. At Fishermen's Wharf we saw struggling crabs and lobsters tipped into pots of boiling water—minutes later we ate them on the quayside.

Downtown San Francisco often recalled London. In Union Square we fed pigeons as we had done in Trafalgar Square; gazed

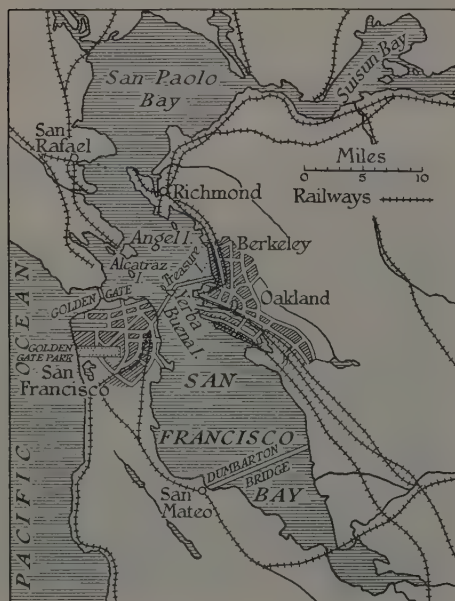
in Telegraph Hill's art stores; browsed in bookshops along Market Street, as in Charing Cross Road. Fashion shops in Grant Avenue and Geary Street resembled pre-war Oxford and Bond Street stores.

San Francisco's Chinatown might have been Nanking. Its 20,000 community is the biggest outside China. There, Dr Sun Yat Sen financed the Chinese revolution and founded *Young China*, still a flourishing newspaper. Down California Street, Chinatown clashed with Western buildings. Green and gold pagodas contrasted with modern office blocks. Streets were narrow, balconies dragon-decorated, shop signs Chinese, and lamp-posts featured dragons and gold bells. Cafés and curiosity shops were alive with tourists. Chinese merchants in open-front bazaars offered a great variety of trinkets: ebony tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl; Chinese paintings, mainly pale green; black screens splashed with red, gold and blue designs; heavy silks, representing months of embroidery and portraying coloured dragons, sunsets, birds; decorated metal bowls; hand-woven baskets, dishes picturing long-tailed birds, delicate trees. Offered tea, we drank from tiny porcelain cups, served from a wicker-covered pot.

The Chinese women were very striking to look at. Their black hair was worn in tight bundles combed well back, held by clips or silk headbands. Their clothes were square-cut, usually black against yellow, pink or blue. Some had long sleeves, others short, exposing smooth-textured skin. Most women wore traditional dress. Some of the men chose Oriental styles, but many preferred Western suits for working. All were very patriotic and equally proud of their Chinese ancestry and American citizenship. Many wore badges inscribed 'Chinese American' to prevent confusion with the Japanese, and most had sons in American armed services.

All Chinatown smelt of perfume. Its origin, the joss-house, was a temple where for good luck we lit tapers and offered food. We glimpsed a Chinese theatre. Our main impression was noise. The audience was talkative and restless; children munched food and chattered while an orchestra wailed.

Eating out, in San Francisco, was very cosmopolitan. We dined in Russian, Swedish,



Stanford, London



Black Star

The northern part of San Francisco, bounded by the Bay. On the left is Alcatraz Island; on the right, the broad band of Market Street points towards Treasure Island, man-made for the 1939 Fair

Hungarian and Mexican restaurants and visited others, Spanish, Armenian, Greek and French. In a Mexican 'cantina' we were serenaded by *mariachis*, singing guitarists, their wide hats, yellow neckerchiefs and cream trousers making an attractive contrast with their shiny brown skins. Our long table was highly polished, reflecting candlelight from silver sticks, and there was a great variety of food. Like the father of a large family, our host passed around an outsize soup-bowl, and we helped ourselves. Chinese restaurants smelt strange, but were our favourites. Helpings were enormous and varied, mainly rice and mysterious vegetables; they smelt sweet and included chopped roots, fresh green leaves and long strips of yellow pulp. Waiters balanced plates on their heads; they were piled so high that they always seemed about to fall and I wanted to help to carry them. There was always the accompaniment of Chinese music.

Through a wide tunnel we entered 'Little

Italy', San Francisco's Italian quarter. There the houses were older, the streets narrower, than in the downtown shopping district we had left. Black-eyed housewives gossiped in fluent Italian, and dark-skinned men lazed in armchairs, watching life through half-closed eyes. Stray dogs scampered about, and children played in dusty streets. Life seemed stagnant.

Our first impression of San Francisco was the cosmopolitan atmosphere; our second, the continual reminder of the sea. We first saw the city from the bay. As we approached, seagulls screeched over the ferry searching for food; smoke poured from our black funnel; the floating seaweed smelt invigorating. A grand panorama lay ahead. Picture it! Bright sunlight, smooth sea, blue sky; cumulus patches, like massed cotton bolls, relieved the glare. Behind were mountains. Ahead, San Francisco straggled up hills from a narrow coastal plain. Buildings linked past and present. The new were well planned, but

the old rambled aimlessly. Walls glared whitely, and greenery made restful contrasts. The Latin Quarter, ahead, completed our impression of an Italian port and pre-war cruises. To our left stood the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge, thin cables gracefully curved, latticework like spider threads supporting the aerial highway. Alcatraz Island, mounting cold prison buildings, jutted rockily from the sea on our right. In the distance, Golden Gate bridge silhouetted against sky and sea; nearer was the harbour, sirens hooting. San Francisco sprawled over the hills, with mountains beyond, some bare and purple, others green. Above all, Coit Tower rose like a white sentinel from Telegraph Hill.

On the mainland we heard the hill's sea history. In Gold Rush days, before the trans-continental railway was completed, its crest mounted a semaphore to signal shipping approaches, and when the East coast mail arrived citizens declared a public holiday. Today writers, artists and musicians live on the hill, in cottages or luxurious flats; Robert

Louis Stevenson once lived near there. From the crest of the hill we watched the sea mist blowing in from the bay, blanketing only the area below us, and leaving other parts in bright sunlight. Our hill-top was an island in a sea of mist. Beyond, in the bay, ships steamed on business while yachts raced for pleasure.

San Francisco's streets were crazily steep, and the hill-tops gave splendid views of bay and bridges. Walking uphill was an effort, but cable-cars served California Street and other steep slopes. The jingling cars were a link with the past; a Scotsman, Andrew S. Hallidie, invented them in the 1870's to carry mining and railway millionaires to their mansions on Nob Hill. Today the car-fronts are painted white to show through fog, and the driver or 'gripman' plays tunes on his car-bells. Sometimes in the past the cable has snapped and cars have broken loose, causing accidents. Now, a man watches the cable constantly and so prevents faults. A surprise ending to our cable-car ride was at

Powell Street turntable, where we helped push the car round.

In Golden Gate Park, one of many in San Francisco, we rode horses, relaxed by lakeside drives, absorbed flower displays. We drank tea in Chinese gardens and listened to a band. In Concert Valley's Science Academy we gazed at quaint birds, giraffes, elephants; saw tropical fishes in Steinhart Aquarium; admired paintings, armour, tapestries in DeYoung's museum. Nearby was the wooded park of the 'Presidio', the early Spanish fort, overlooking Golden Gate.

At Berkeley we glimpsed California University's campus, a private park. Iron and concrete gates bore lamps identical with English estate entrances; and wide avenues, woodland, open spaces and hills gave spectacular views of the bay. White buildings resembled styles of Mediterranean countries and included a Greek theatre where we saw professionals act together with students.

That was our first visit to San Francisco. Conference preparations then were few, apart from the Citizens' Committee headed by Mayor Lapham for local arrangements; but, we heard, meeting-places and delegate's accommoda-

San Francisco looks West to the East, with which its large Chinese community forms a link. At a benefit conducted by the Catholic Chinese Mission the ancient Chinese wedding ritual is re-enacted: In a final phase the bridal couple makes a reverent bow before the ancestral shrine

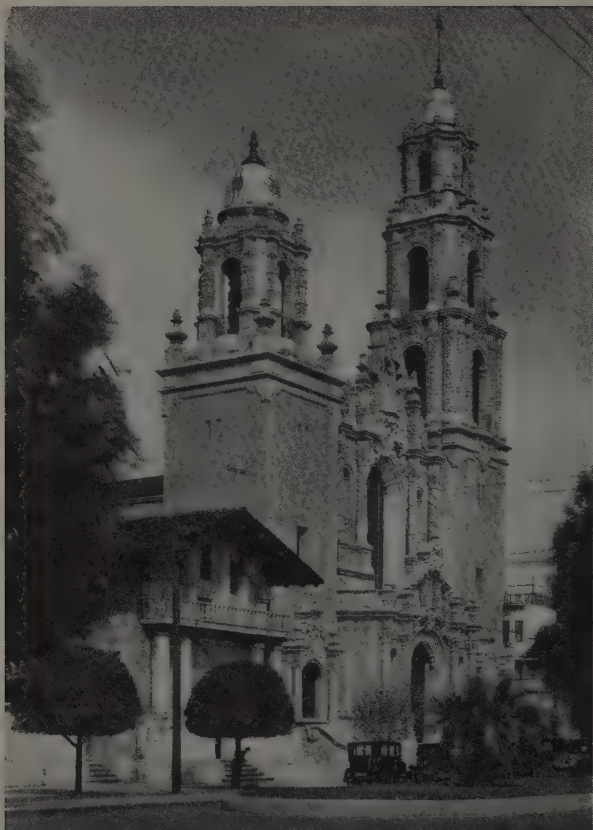
Keystone





Californians, Inc., San Francisco

A cable-car on California Street, one of many steep slopes rising from the waterside. In the left and right foreground, Chinatown's green and gold pagodas contrast with Western architecture



Californians, Inc., San Francisco

Many years before the United States made contact with San Francisco overland, it was colonized by sea from the Spanish South. The Mission Dolores was founded by the Spaniards in 1776

tion had been fixed. The main interest was: "Why was San Francisco chosen?" No one, it seemed, knew the real answer. Some thought it was to show delegates American democracy, others to make them realize the importance of the Pacific in post-war affairs. Perhaps. But we felt that maybe the organizers wished to show delegates how the city's cosmopolitan community, a miniature world, lived in perfect harmony. San Francisco practised the secret of world happiness: the proper use of tolerance.

Selection of the city was ideal for conference purposes: it was beautiful, it had a cosmopolitan atmosphere, fine public buildings and hotels, first-rate communications. At the end of May we returned, for our second leave. The conference was in full swing.

People in the streets gave us latest news of meetings, papers contained little else, and crowds often gathered to watch famous statesmen pass. About 2000 conference officials were in town, we heard. Army cars and Navy buses transported them, and we saw them everywhere; in theatres, restaurants, sightseeing. Shops had special displays of clothes, paintings, books. Art museums held exhibitions; United Nations art was displayed in Golden Gate Park and the Legion of Honour Palace. All conference officials became honorary members of the public library. Flag displays were few, apart from the Stars and Stripes at half-mast in mourning for Mr Roosevelt, but flower shops and pavement sellers had magnificent flower displays and the Union Square rhododendrons were in full bloom. Special musical and theatrical shows included war films for conference men at the Alcazar Theatre, renamed by the Government the United Nations Theatre.

The conference centre was at the War Memorial Buildings, erected in 1932 as a tribute to San Francisco's dead in World War I. Actual conference meetings were held in the Opera House and committee meetings in the Veterans' Building next door. Past white-helmeted soldiers, like American Army

'snowdrops' in London, we entered the restricted area, armed with State Department passes. Officials and newsmen swarmed everywhere; some dressed formally, most loose-collared. All were very preoccupied and as the day's conference had just finished many waited impatiently by telephone booths. At the newsmen's free snack bar we met an American reporter who had just 'filed his story'. He told us of the day's conference; then outlined his plans for a week-end tour of Shasta Dam and the Redwoods. The Press Committee arranged that, he said, and did his private shopping too; later they were to show him shipyards and military depots. About 2400 newsmen were covering the conference, he continued, and showed us the daily tabloid they published among them-

selves. A striking memory of the Veterans' Building was the ever-burning light above an urn of soil from American graves in France.

A walk down historic Market Street showed us a typical San Francisco scene. Popularly 'the Main Street of the West', Market Street linked all centres of the city—financial, civic, shopping. Near its far end stood the Mission Dolores, founded in June 1776 and the beginning of San Francisco. Spanish dons laid the street, then a sandy road, to settlements at Yerba Buena Cove. Today, lamp standards picture the city's story—covered wagons, ships, gold prospectors. Shops, restaurants, hotels, banks, theatres pack the street-sides; cars and lorries jam the 120-foot road. We jostled along crowded pavements and everyone was very friendly to us. Civilians were mainly women, sophisticated

and tastefully dressed. New fashions were plentiful. The uniforms of American women's services seemed almost civilian in style: W.A.V.E.S. (American W.R.N.S.) wore neat blue-and-white costumes and Girl Guide hats; W.A.C.S. (American A.T.S.) were dressed in khaki-brown, with silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. Men's uniforms, mainly naval, represented many nations. People stared, mystified, at our R.A.F. blue; someone spoke to us in Polish, thinking us Polish fliers; a U.S. Marine saluted, believing we were Marine officers. Many asked who we were, and a man photographed us. In a drug-store we satisfied a business man's curiosity about our uniforms. "Shake!" he said, "so you're English!" and fascinated by our cadet-flashes, bid a dollar and a half for one of our caps. We told him we couldn't sell Government property and offered another souvenir as gift. But he wanted a cap and raised the price to 3, 4, 6, and 8 dollars. Finally he snatched a cap, threw a ten-dollar bill on our table as payment, and dashed off for his train. He looked very happy, and we bought a new cap at the aerodrome for 90 cents.

With comparatively few restrictions on food or other commodities, San Franciscans

seemed far removed from European hostilities. Our blitz and buzz-bomb experiences provoked many questions, and everyone was very interested in rationing, housing and labour problems in Britain. But naturally their main interest was the Pacific war, close at hand. They were immensely pleased when we said San Francisco was very beautiful and the most cosmopolitan city we had visited.

A typical breakfast there comprised orange juice, cereals, pancakes and syrup, ham and eggs, coffee and real cream, toast and butter (sometimes margarine instead). By our standards food was expensive, and breakfast usually cost eighty to ninety cents (3s. 6d. to 4s.), lunch and dinner one to two dollars (5s. to 10s.) each. Compared with war-time Britain, American living was luxurious, but

Market Street, the 'Main Street of the West', runs north-eastwards across San Francisco to the Ferry Station. This is the terminal of street-car lines converging from all parts of the city



Californians, Inc., San Francisco

many peace-time 'extras' have been sacrificed. News-stands were still crowded, newspapers had often 50 pages, with sections for sports, books and 'funnies' (comic strips).

San Francisco has been an important war city—embarkation port, naval base and ship-building centre. War workers have crowded in, houses are in short supply, prices high. A Kaiser shipyard worker said he was a Kansas farmer two years ago. He had never worked in industry before, but came with thousands who flocked to San Francisco's war plants. Astounded, I heard that he riveted 16 hours a day, and with his savings, planned after the war to pay off the mortgage on his Kansas farm. Meanwhile his brother carried on there.

Life in San Francisco continued round the clock. Neon lights flashed all night; traffic at 3 A.M. was as busy as at midday; most eating-places sold food and drink 24 hours a day. In night clubs our British uniforms often helped to secure us the best tables, and once when we were introduced over the floor-mike the patrons cheered Britain. Night

activities of London-New York standard were numerous, including topline theatre shows; latest films; opera and symphony concerts; dances; private parties; and wealthy citizens often entertained Service men. Midnight drives were fun. Our biggest thrill was high above the city in Nob Hill's Mark Hopkins Hotel. From a glass veranda, San Francisco appeared a fairyland, street lights and twinkling stars piercing the blackness. The world seemed far away, like New York at night from the Empire State Building. A broad band, Market Street, cut the city; bright-windowed hotels resembled lighted honeycombs; and San Francisco bay glistened in the background.

Roads to and from the city were of high quality. Concrete surfaces usually carried at least four traffic lanes, and double lines prevented overtaking on bends. Curves and gradients were few, eliminated by cuttings and filled valleys. Roads were often tree-lined; smooth and straight, built for high speeds—we averaged 60 m.p.h. Distances seemed vast, and we spent a week-end 300



Black Star

Servicemen and civilians gather in a night club atop the 20-storey Mark Hopkins Hotel ('Top of the Mark'). Through its plate-glass walls, the eye ranges to the Golden Gate Bridge and the Pacific

miles from San Francisco; just routine for our host.

Over Golden Gate bridge, its red-orange matching the sunrise, we headed towards the 'Redwood Empire'. Forests of giant sequoias humbled us, for they are some of nature's oldest, biggest creations. Sometimes twenty feet across, often thousands of years old, they grew closely packed and very high, competing for the sun. Protruding sinews and deep-cut clefts alternated in their red-brown barks, thick carpets of broken sticks covering the forest floor overgrown with moss. Rich foliage filtered the light to a mellow green, splashed with shafts of sunlight. Our road sometimes ran through living tree roots, and a ten-foot arch cut through a fallen trunk across our path. Along the route were log cabins, lakes, farms—cattle, dairy, vineyards; we tasted local dry white wines. This was country of Jack London's *Valley of the Moon* and *Wolf House*; where Robert Louis Stevenson spent leisure time from San Francisco; and farther inland was Mark Twain's "Sea of the Sky", Lake Tahoe in the High Sierras.

People on holiday from San Francisco's war plants thronged the countryside. Some golfed, played tennis, fished; others rode horse-back, swam, hunted game; most had cars but a few cycled. Many dressed in Western outdoor clothes: girls chose cowboy felt hats, open shirts and hard-wearing blue jean trousers; men wore hide knee-boots, leather belts, old slacks. The countryside features were spectacular and included Spanish missions in Sonoma county; adobe houses ('hacienda'), bricks of sun-dried mud and straw; forts and stockades in Humboldt county; hot mineral geysers. The scenery varied rapidly: thick forests, flowered fields, bright orchards changed to vivid bays, sheep pastures, country houses. Lakes were full of fish, some nearly half the size of the fishermen.



Martin Hürlimann

Nature's spectacular gifts to San Francisco are challenged by the scale of human achievement. Beyond the Golden Gate, Ocean Beach Boulevard extends southwards for miles beside the rollers

Tourist accommodation was plentiful and varied, including hotels, guest ranches, cabin camps; and by the Russian River were large chalet parks. We stayed at a 'motel', serving motor tourists. By a filling station on the main highway, our motel comprised thirty miniature bungalows each with its garage. Informal and convenient, the motels were open day and night and cost from 2.50 dollars (12s. 6d.) for 24 hours, contained private bedrooms, each with individual bathroom, lavatory, luxurious furnishings. There were dozens of these colonies along all principal routes, and patrons fed in roadside eating-houses. Spring colours refreshed the countryside. Rhododendrons massed hill-sides in pink and green; lupins covered fields



Californians, Inc., San Francisco

Opened for traffic in 1936, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge is the longest in the world. Of its two sections the western, here shown, connects Yerba Buena Island with San Francisco

in blue and yellow; redbuds, dogwoods, California lilacs overran valleys and hill slopes; Scots broom enlivened trees and undergrowth. All the flowers were wild, and helped to beautify lakes and rocky seashores, especially in Humboldt county, where we sunbathed and canoed.

Our leave almost over and petrol limited, we returned to San Francisco, then headed for highway 99 over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge. Built nine years this month (November), its upper deck carried cars while below drove lorries and buses. Tolls help to clear its £20,000,000 building cost; in time, crossings will be free. Connected by double-

deck tunnel through Yerba Buena Island—world's largest vehicular bore—its 8½ miles comprised two sections; twin suspensions in the West crossing anchored by a common pillar with smaller spans in the East. Motorists in difficulty summoned help via red tow-call and fire-boxes on the bridge. As we left, the upper deck gave us a splendid view 200 feet above water level. We saw Treasure Island, built artificially for the Golden Gate exhibition 1939; ahead lay Oakland, gleaming on white hill slopes. Past Yerba Buena Island we took our last look at San Francisco, city of sea, hills and sky, whose tolerant influence will help guide future world peace.

Woodmanship

by H. J. MASSINGHAM

LORD NORTHBOURNE has written:

In the modern period the aim has been a worldly one, perhaps most simply described as the single word 'prosperity'. The result of giving priority to that aim is that we seek beyond everything else a kind of mechanical perfection, the chief object of which is a reduction of the immediate financial cost of production. We call it 'efficiency'. Efficiency may be a good servant but it is a terrible master. It is a purely economic conception and as such has become our master. So it comes about that we feel compelled to go on producing more and more cheaply, for whoever is most efficient can undersell him who is less so. We are forced to go on striving to reduce costs, and to do so, so to speak, at all costs, even at the cost of the quality of the product, the independence of the producer, and the fertility of the soil which makes production possible. . . . We must acquire a new sense of purpose. . . . It is safe to say that one of the signs of its appearance will be a revolt from the mechanistic view of the world and from the related conception of man and his fellow creatures being primarily cogs in an economic machine.

If there be any truth in this statement, it is clear that the only alternative to the "mechanistic view of the world" is an organic and spiritual one. It is equally so that, if men can recover their biological relationship with their natural environment, they will no longer be "cogs in an economic machine". Again, the remedy for the dominance of the economic motive over human life is obviously that its attitude to its work should be one of mixed motives. Other factors than the economic should play their part in the complex of work and worker, and the competitive cheapness of the cost at the expense of "quality", "independence" and "the fertility of the soil" should cease to be the primary aim. A "purely economic conception" of man's social activities involves the neglect or suppression of responses that are not economic at all, so that the human organism must be seen in a new light, as a living and intricate whole, affecting and affected by the life of nature. Lastly, "the mechanistic view" implies a knowledge and manipulation of the physical forces, laws and processes of this 'universal frame' without reference to the

'ecological' ones which integrate the life of nature with the life of man.

By thus setting down the credit account in the balance sheet against each item of loss in Lord Northbourne's inventory, I appear to have launched myself upon a quasi-philosophical or sociological discussion. Nothing of the kind. The answer to Lord Northbourne's prosecution of the standard of values in our present age can be given in a single word. It is not an abstraction but a definition of historical reality and it fulfils all the alternative conditions I have outlined. The word is craftsmanship, and craftsmanship gathers together into a biological whole all the elements I have arbitrarily divided. But because there is truth in what Lord Northbourne says about the tyranny of one conception in our period over others equally or more important, this unbalanced and separating view has distorted the meaning of craftsmanship. We think of the craftsman, that is to say, as a picturesque survival or relic of a former condition in human history which has been superseded not only by the invention of automatic manufacture but by social evolution from the primitive to the complex. The work of the craftsman is of consequence to us as an exhibit to be admired in a museum; it is of no consequence any longer as an essential need in our daily life, none the less urgent because it is no longer articulate. Craftsmanship is ancient, not modern; to be interested in it is a mark of culture, but to regard it as a something indispensable to every society in all ages is 'reactionary'.

In other words, we separate out and let fall into oblivion all but one of the constituent qualities and functions of craftsmanship, and that one is the ornamental. My subject here is woodmanship, one of the principal and most honoured branches of craftsmanship with a longer history than any other except perhaps those of the shaping of flint, modelling in clay and basketry, itself often a form of wooding. Before coming to Mr Anderson's prints of various woodmen in action, I will give an example of my most recent encounter with one, and briefly illustrate how he fulfils every item of the 'credit account' that

balances Lord Northbourne's analysis of the defects of our age.

* * *

John Birch is a besom-maker of Bewdley and his workshop and plot of ground stand on the side of the road which was the main street of the medieval township and runs steeply down to the 'new' or Georgian town parallel and at right angles to the Severn. From the old man's high stack of birch-bundles the eye ranges the horizon of the Clents and stops at Wychbury Camp which in its turn looks across the Worcestershire plain to the Bewdley heights, flanked by the Wyre Forest, John Birch's source of livelihood. The foreground is Bewdley itself, whose warm brick-reds and cream or buff plaster make as perfect a composition of unpremeditated planning as Leland saw on the further 'ripe' of Severn: the town

sett on the side of a hill, so comely that a man cannot wish to see a towne better . . . att the rising of the sunne the whole towne glittereth, being all of newe building as it were of gold.

The plaster facings that once glittered have now been subdued to the tones of time and the softenings of nature but only by a maturer turn of beauty's countenance, since Bewdley, as Bewdley was and is, has but changed from one comeliness to another. As such the time-weathered borough is out of time and so is the craftsmanship that built it.

All the market towns that survive in England were the direct and explicit creation of their local craftsmen, working to no architectural plan-sheet or scaled drawings but according to an inborn design and rhythm of faculty they shared with nature but adapted to human needs. Of no pre-industrial township is this truer than of Bewdley, once a hive of crafts, many of whose names have come down to us—builders of the 'trowes' that traded with the port of Bristol, coracle-makers, cordwainers, whittawers, rope-makers, tanners, chandlers, horn-workers, cap-makers and others. The continuity between past and present is "felt along the heart" by looking down on the riverine town from Birch's workshop. The Wyre Forest has been the fountain of being for them both—birch and scrub oak have been Birch's 'plant' for over half a century, while the tanneries, the boats, the forges and the pewter foundry with their charcoal fuel, the potteries, the timber-framing of the houses, the very names of streets and inns like Bark Street and the Wood Colliers Arms, owed themselves to the trees, the bark and the clay-pits of the Forest. From Birch I bought an oak scuttle

which is a miniature in shape of the obsolete Bewdley coracles and was made in precisely the same way of woven oak-laths. But the rim is hazel instead of oak simply because, as Birch bitterly complained, the tree-fellings since the war have desolated large areas of the Forest. Thus town and workshop, twenty generations of vanished craftsmen and the living John Birch are seen to be in a biological relationship with their natural and local environment.

Bearded John Birch is eighty-nine and looks like a mid-Victorian engraving of a shepherd in the family Bible. In his cottage he showed me a photograph of him and his wife bundling birch-twigs: she died just before the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Two flitches of bacon hung beside it and the pig was on the same premises as the homestead, the copper boiler or 'bosch' for steaming the oak-laths, the birch stack, the garden and the whitewashed brick 'hovel', with its three stools on which his son and his two workers were peeling the oak-laths for binding the besoms. The antiquity of the two old men on their stools beside his son, portraits that Rembrandt would have delighted to paint, seemed a symbol of a craft whose roots are in prehistory. The integration was complete: agriculture was correlated with industry, home with business, the raw material with the finished products (Birch also makes whisks of green stripped birch-twigs for taking the fluff out of the Kidderminster carpets), family inheritance with employment: all were interwoven parts of a single whole. The total scene was an object-lesson in 'ecological' unity.

Old man Birch himself, quietly moving from cottage to workshop and illustrating the varied processes of his trade, now the woodman, now the manager, then the worker, was the node and so the master of the whole structure. He was a living witness to "the independence of the producer", and his ownership of that tiny but crowded plot of ground was his guarantee of an economic freedom that released him from the bondage of human life to the 'economic motive'. His tranquillity embodied the dignity of the human person and rested confidently upon the continuity of a tradition embedded both in the soil and in the depths of time. To call the two old men his employees conveys a wrong impression; they shared in the family relationship of this home-trade and as such were remote from the 'operatives' or labour-units of a machine economy. Like Birch and his son, they were familiars of every note in the scale of production from the felling of the oak saplings in the Forest to the final binding

of the besoms. The contentment stamped on their motions and features was due, not to the opiate of custom and conservatism but to the absence of those psychological strains set up by the subdivisions of mechanical labour. It was obvious that this family business was an organism in itself, rooted in the organic life of nature and transforming the wood from one shape and utility to another without breaking away from nature.

The three men working on their stools were masters also. Their knowledge of the properties, humours and differentiations of timber conferred upon them one kind of mastery; their control of the design and technique of manipulating wood to serve a specific purpose gave them another kind, and their interest and absorption and pleasure in their work yet a third. In translating an oaken rod, fresh steamed from the copper that smelled like toffee, into thin pliable strips like leather, they only used a pair of tools, a cleaving knife for nicking the top of the rod and a paring knife for removing splinters, knots and bosses from the sappy surface of the split lath. All the rest of the work was done not so much by the hand as the fingers. It looked easy, as craftsmanship always does look until you take a hand in what appears a mere dexterity. Actually it is much more because such ease proceeds from command over the nature of living growth which years of apprenticeship and practice cannot altogether accomplish without an intuitive grasp of how nature works, born both of inheritance from father to son and of a kind of internal rhythm in the worker himself. When these conditions exist, a "mechanistic view of the world" is a contradiction in terms. And it is clear that the variety in unity of Birch's home-workshop is a miniature of the more elaborate variety in unity of the town of Bewdley. We can have no doubt of the beauty of Bewdley or of the utility of the workshop. Craftsmanship means a fusion of both, so that the economic motive can never dominate its personal, qualitative and organic aspects.

* * *

The high and very uncommon value of Mr Anderson's prints is that their art of delineation conveys this fusion of beauty and utility and expresses the sense of continuity and harmony of spirit in the country craftsman. The last of them represents with loving fidelity and brilliant draughtsmanship the workshop of H. E. Goodchild, the chair-maker of Naphill, near High Wycombe. He is fitting the back to a superior type of wheel-back Windsor chair which is a direct descend-

ant of what is called 'country Chippendale'. In the hierarchy of woodmanship Birch is concerned with the humbler and more utilitarian of human necessities, Goodchild with their cultural refinements. Yet the same principles govern the activities of both. Like Birch, Goodchild owns his own workshop, cultivates his own plot, selects, if he does not actually fell, his own timber (the chair is of yew with an elm seat) and himself performs every operation—sawing, steaming, splitting, shaving, shaping, chiselling, adzing, polishing—in the series which converts the bole of a tree into a chair. Both exercise personal and economic freedom through their traditional workmanship and, though utility is more evident in the one and artistry in the other, they are not separable in either. And Goodchild has won his independent place and individual delight in the making of superlative chairs by emerging from the maelstrom of cut-throat competition in the chair-making industry. He accomplished this feat simply by the tenacity of his desire to become a master-man and to give full scope to his inborn creative powers. Yet he remains a cottage chair-maker.

In the three prints of tree-felling, trimming and faggoting, and willow-lopping we are pictorially presented with craftsmanship at its elemental roots. The tools and actions of these men reveal the creation of our country from a marshy and forested wild, the Amazons in little, to "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England". Yet these men, who live with nature and take from nature the wherewithal of man's daily life, are at the same time the wardens and conservers of the integrity of the natural scene. This is invariably so; I have never yet met with a woodman who despoiled the woodlands. His economic motive is never at variance with preservation. When he fells a tree, he always chooses one whose removal will facilitate the growth of, and give room, air and sunlight to, its neighbours; if he lops withies for basketing or hurdling, he does so on strict rotational principles that ensure the maximum of unimpeded development in the rods. John Birch was indignant when the rule of regeneration and return was broken in the Wyre Forest. Such men feel their way into nature's biological laws of health and balance in exactly the same way as does the selective breeder of animals.

The reader should look long at the face and body of the faggoter in the second print. There is something universal in him; he is Adam living by the sweat of his brow, Adam who represents the unhistoric foundations of

every nation, tribe or people in every period of human history and prehistory, but makes possible the complex fabric of historic society. This is the man whom Cobbett spent his dynamic life in championing and pouring his savage indignation upon the oppressors who stole his commons. He is the Adam too who has lived with nature from the beginnings of human time. The slight smile blended with endurance upon the man's weathered face might be a symbol of Patience, not on a monument but with his foot firmly stayed upon the earth. He is performing what the false values of our urban civilization now regard as the most menial of tasks. But what poise, what effortless grace and assurance are expressed in the curves and bearing of this earthy figure! Here is the timelessness of craftsmanship and here the delineation of that intangible which is the by-product of every craftsman's act of service and utility, however modest; a beauty as generic to it as its honeyed scent to the blossoming lime.

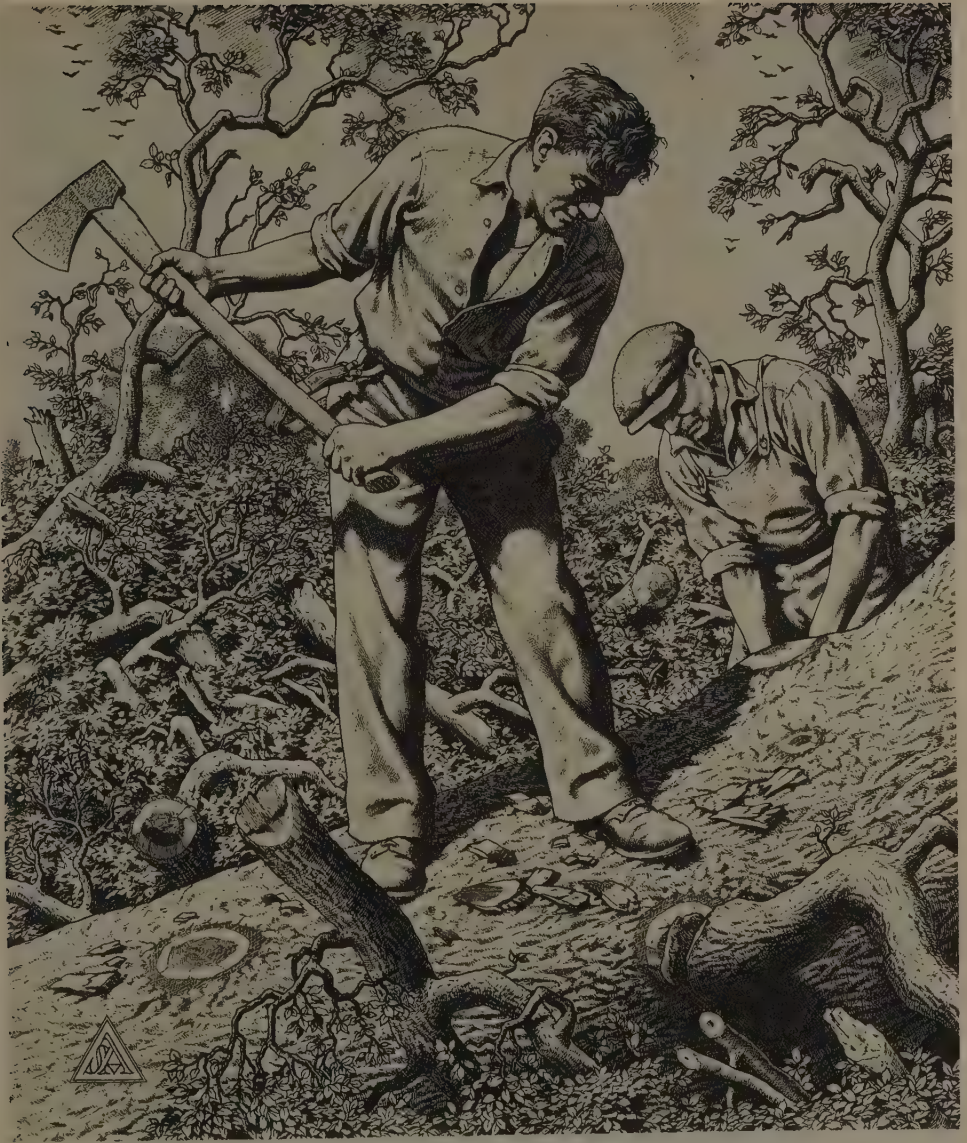
The next print catches Soanes, the hurdle-maker of Thame, trimming out a lath cut from the Crack Willow that grows on the banks of the river that gives the little town its name. A further symbol. The chestnut tree under which Soanes and his son and his man (gone since the War) are working is his family tree, being planted by his grandfather to celebrate the birth of his grandson. The tree affords him both shade and lineage, and by the continuous handing on of each small trade from father to son both stability and aptitude became an inheritance. Such family apprenticeship was an educative force in knowledge, skill and character. Our age no longer considers it of value, for the family craft-business has become almost obsolete.

The next print shows the hedger with his hook laying, plushing or, in the Shakespearean term, "pleaching" a hedge. The country crafts, being attached like satellites in a solar system to agriculture, are mutually interrelated. This is equally true of woodmanship since woodlands, properly regarded, are a crop like any other. But hedging and hurdling show a further correlation within the agricultural system because hurdles themselves, especially in a sheepfold, are a kind of hedge. Like the hurdler, the hedger wattles his hedge with hazel or bramble stems to enable the young growth from the stools, slashed 'uphill' to prevent the rain rotting them, to be disciplined. In a sense, we recognize the interdependence between these two crafts by in the wheat belt abolishing the hedge altogether and substituting the electric wire fence both for the hurdled fold and the

hedge. But hedging and hurdling have an organic relation to agriculture which, being broken, seriously imperils a deeper organic relation—that of man to nature.

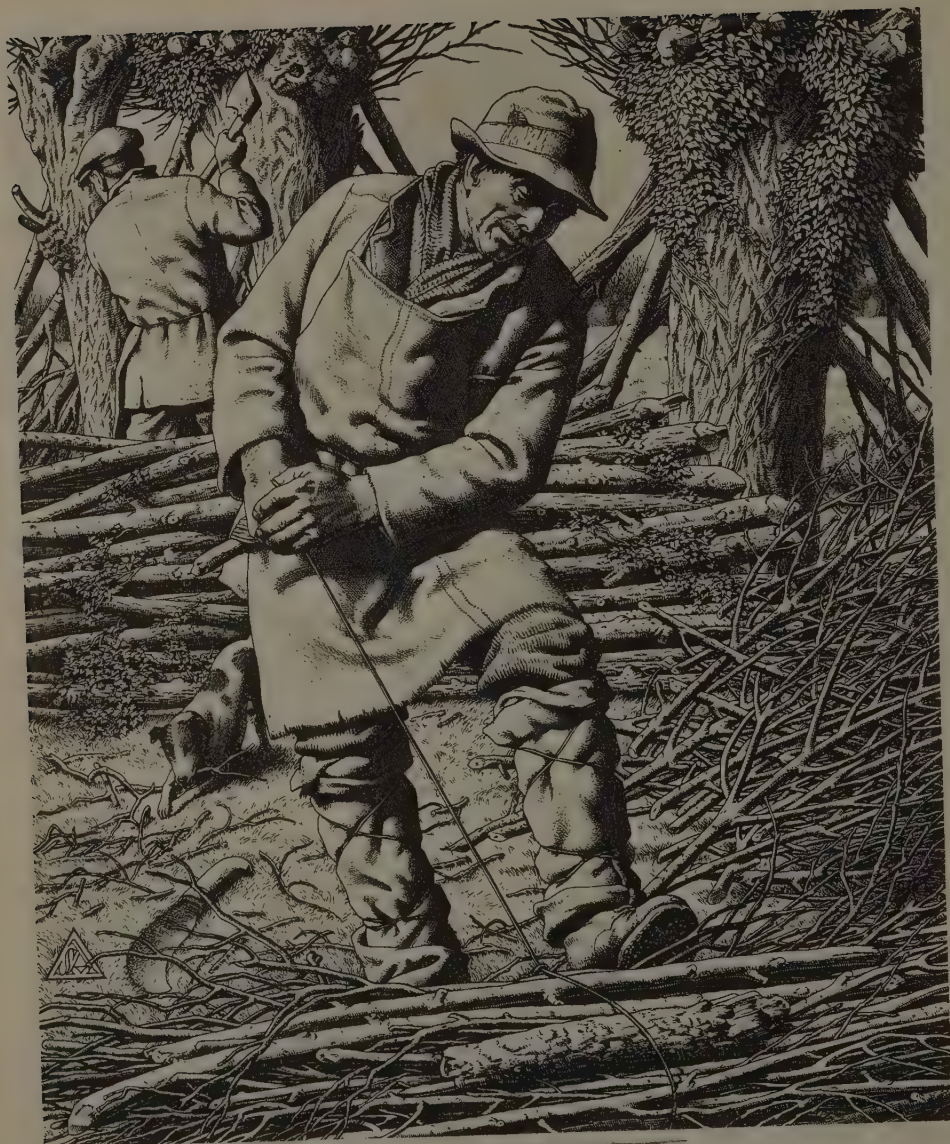
Fleet, the basketer of the same town, once owned an osier-bed or withy-ait of his own and has an extraordinary knowledge of the varieties of *Salix*. Years ago he spent a whole afternoon describing to me the points and qualities of many out of the eighty he knows. His ait is now an untidy swamp and he himself has been forced to give up making baskets to grow and sell the vegetables to put into them. On special occasions of recent years when he makes a basket, he has had to import his rods from the Argentine at a time when the saving of shipping space was imperative. Cobbett raged at the beginnings of the same process when he learned at Tring that the straw for the now vanished straw-plaiting industry came from Tuscany. Fleet, whose basketing ancestry goes back to pre-Huguenot Brittany and who is the most finished, expert and varied basketer I have ever met, is now an example of the snapping of the biological link between a man's trade and his native land. For a craftsman's aim is always to become self-supporting in his economy and so to rely on himself, his home, his property and his skill. His way of life is antipathetic to a helpless dependence upon foreign goods and markets.

The last print but one shows the thatcher beating a smooth surface upon his roof with the 'bat'. This craft is the most obvious example of the intimate correlation mentioned above, once ubiquitous, between industry and agriculture, the sovereign queen of all the crafts. Even modern industrialism, which has severed this immemorial bond, must go for its raw materials back to the earth. The interrelation between land and craft, concentrated in these prints, is the ultimate reason why the craftsman can always be trusted with machinery, and many of them do use small machines. I mean trusted to remain the master. His personal and organic control over process and material never allows the machine to dictate its own terms, whether economic or automatic. Only when the workshop becomes the factory can this transference of power take place. In the print of the thatcher we view the human power bringing order and discipline upon natural growth and with simple tools making a roof out of a cornfield. Man's place in nature, not in the past but for all time, is implicit in such acts of service. Interpreted by Mr Anderson's art, they unconsciously express a philosophy of the wholeness of life.



Stability Anderson

The Tree-fellers



Stanley Anderson

Trimming and faggoting



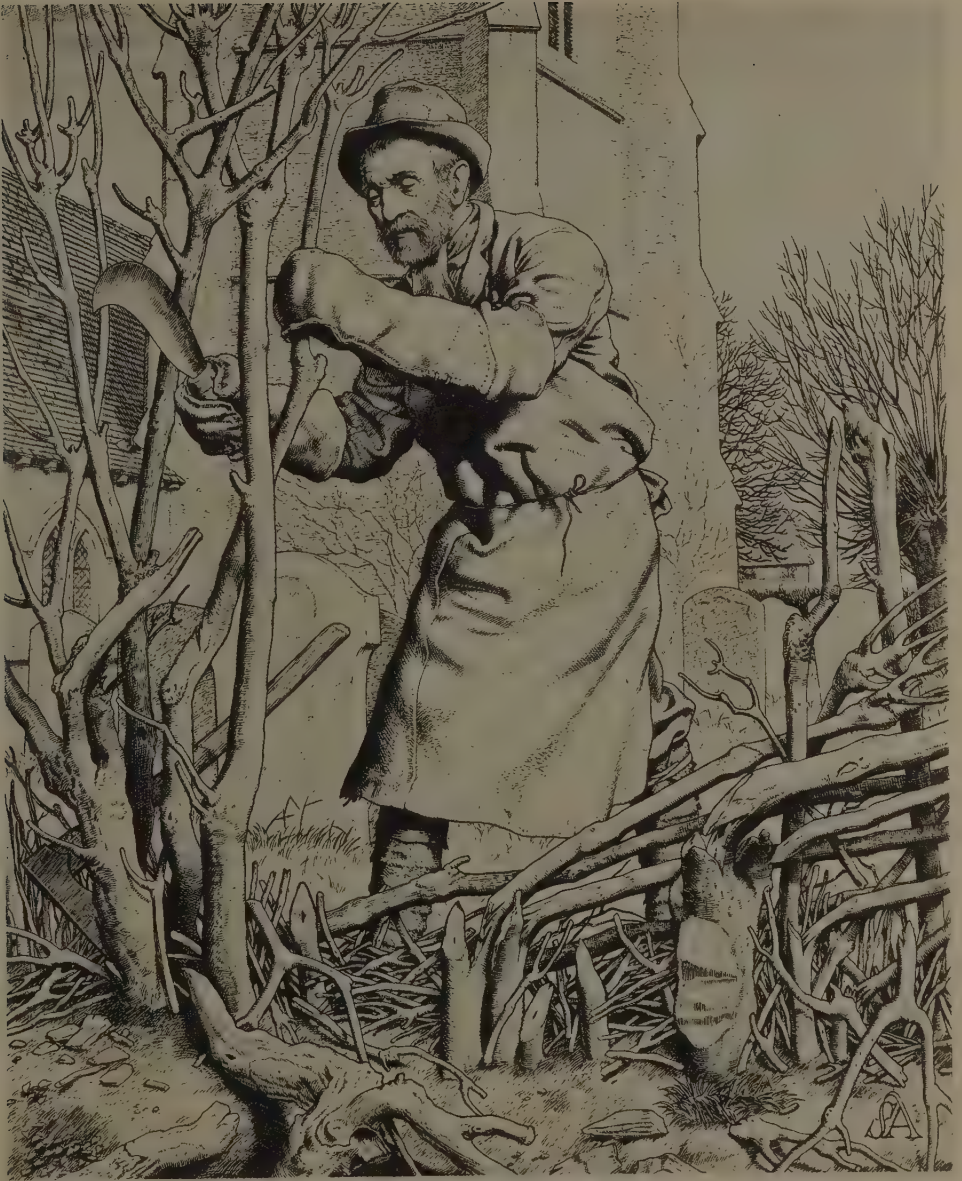
Stability Anderson

Willow-lopping



Stability Anderson

Hurdle-makers



Stanley Anderson

The Hedger



Stability Anderson.

The Basket-maker



Stability Butterson

The Thatcher



The Chair-maker

Stanley Anderson

Cumberland: The Corridor County

by JOAN CURL

To most people Cumberland means the Lakes and nothing more. To others it is merely the last stage of the journey to Scotland—a corridor through which they rush by train or car, with mind intent on the glories ahead. Only at Carlisle do they rouse themselves from their indifference and tell each other that they are over the Border.

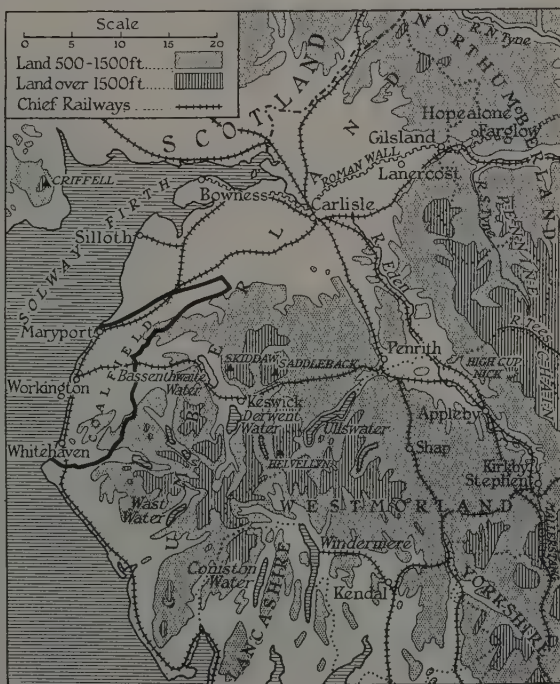
It is a short journey across Cumberland and the weary, smoky-eyed traveller may be forgiven if he does not realize that, on the other side of the dirty window, is unrolling one of England's most varied and beautiful counties. In half an hour Cumberland offers a sample of every type of her inland scenery.

The hills of the Lake District are not far away when you enter the county. As you run down from Shap and rollick through Penrith station, leaning to the curve like a racing cyclist, you see the big solid Ullswater fells across a strip of flat green country. Soon they are left behind and their place is taken by the majestic block of the Skiddaw-Saddleback range and its outliers, a familiar and inspiring sight from every part of Cumberland. On all but the brightest days the flanking fells to east and west are invisible, and the range stands out with the finality and aloofness of the Coolins, or the Malverns, which ride like a chain of rocky islands above the Midland plain.

Here is no lack of hills. The county is ringed round with them. The circle is almost complete, from Skiddaw to the Pennines and on by the Border fells to Criffell, rising out of the shining Solway—a shadow without apparent substance—like the Sacred Mountain of an old Japanese print.

The steep western scarp of the Pennines, reared up like a breaking wave, is with you throughout your journey. It is a fascinating outline, smoothly flowing, infinitely inviting. You would think that, once the climbing was done, you could walk

for ever on fine flowery grass like that of the South Downs. Alas for illusions! From the crest of those graceful slopes you look into a trackless world almost without landmarks, a terrain of bog and peat hags of varying depth and oozeiness, up and down which you may struggle by the hour and see no progress. In a mist you go round in circles and get nowhere at all. Distances are immense and shelter non-existent. There is compensation, however, in the spectacular scenery of High Cup Nick and the Forces of the Tees; compensation too in the soaring of the buzzard and the stoop of the peregrine in the vast blue-and-white sky, in the tremendous views and the clean vigour of the wind, the miles of purple heather, the sparkling blue beck and little tarns, the call of the curlew and the whistle of golden plover and sandpiper.



Stanford, London



Will F. Taylor

The Cumberland that is neither a mere corridor to Scotland nor part of the Lake District abounds in little-known beauty, seen at its best in the Valley of the Eden. The river flows out of Westmorland under the long scarp of the Pennine Chain through rich plough and meadow lands to Carlisle

J. L. Tapaz





G. P. Abraham

Buildings of grey stone, often whitewashed, their doors and windows set in wide stone frames, strike a note of Northern simplicity and strength. With this is mingled, in garden and hedgerow, a profusion of flowers as unexpected as the abundant beeches that line the rivers, fields and lanes

The high fells are not for everyone, nor for every mood. The little villages tucked away under the foothills have more general appeal. For one who loves wild nature, raw and unsubdued, there are many who delight in the cottages, inns and churches that make up the villages of England. In Cumberland the material is grey stone, the buildings simple and strong, with doors and windows set in wide stone frames. There are white houses too, with these frames painted grey, black, cream, green, red or blue. Thick stone slates, yellow-brown and lichened, have been the usual roof-covering, but these have nearly all been replaced by the thin purple Welsh slates that are helping the spread of uniformity throughout the length and breadth of England. The grey walls are a perfect background for flowers, and cottages and gardens show a happy mingling of profusion with simplicity, of prettiness with austerity, that is lacking from the picture-book villages of the timber and thatch counties.

There has been thatch in Cumberland too, but almost all has been removed in favour of that ugliest of all materials, corrugated iron. The worst sufferers are the clay cottages

and barns of the rather primitive villages along the Solway shore. These, with their uneven red walls revealed where the white plaster has peeled off, stand mostly empty, condemned and derelict, yet those still in use are warm and dry, with the little individualities that make an old house so much more lovable than the modern square boxes. What a pity they were allowed to decay! With electricity (and it is available) and plumbing improvements, they could have reduced the housing shortage and maintained the character of the old villages at the same time.

West of the Pennines and north of the Lakes lies the good farming land of this almost wholly agricultural county. There are nearly 7800 farms in Cumberland, small farms with small fields and a farmhouse every mile or so. That means plenty of hedges, comparatively little mechanization and a relatively numerous rural population.

The hedges are one of the unexpected beauties of the county. Thinking inevitably in terms of the Lakes, stone walls seem the only possible field boundary in such northern latitudes. Yet one of the first things to strike the newcomer is the abundance of beech, as

glorious full-grown trees, as graceful saplings and as hedges, both trimmed and cut to a tight pyramid. They run for miles between the ploughed fields and the muddy lanes, these immaculate emerald or golden hedges that would be the pride of any garden.

Every field boundary is called a 'dyke' in Cumberland, whether it is a hedge of sweet briar, a drystone wall or a strand of barbed wire (and the hedge-sparrow is known as the 'blue dykie'). Usually the hedge has been planted on top of a grassed-over low wall, and the result is a Devonshire lane on a smaller and less luxuriant scale. Only slightly less luxuriant, though, for in Cumberland too there are primroses and violets, bluebells and cowslips, blackthorn and may, and miles of lacy wild parsley, as well as innumerable other flowers of hedgerow, field, wood and moor. In the remote corries of the Pennines are natural rock-gardens, known to experts as the habitat of rare plants.

Through the farming land, under arched packhorse bridges, flow little clear rivers, called beck, burn, pow, water, dub or gill. They have trout in them and the true mountain character. The tiniest beck has its

miniature waterfalls and rattles its stones about just like the great Eden itself. Sandpipers teach their chicks to run about the banks and, with wings raised, threaten any rabbit which dares to put its head above ground. Sometimes the kingfisher passes like a flash of blue light, or the dipper sings his sweet song and curtsies from a rock in mid-stream.

There is not such a sharp cleavage between farming Cumberland and the fell country as you might think. There are places in the central plain which belong in spirit to the uplands. They are wet patches usually, which the W.A.E.C. has not yet managed to drain. Some are ancient commons, crossed by unfenced white roads. Some are heathery 'mosses' from which villagers cut the black peat for fuel. Others are marshy fields, reedy and poor but with a glory of kingcups. Snipe nest among the milkmaids and the water avens, and the coarse grass is full of damp-loving flowers such as lousewort, ragged robin, bird's-eye primrose and the insect-eating butterwort and sundew. There is a charm about these waste places which is missing from the tamed agricultural land.



Joan Curl

Packhorse bridges tell of the not distant time when the Romans were the last road-makers and when long strings of fell ponies carried Border traffic over the roadless hills and through remote valleys



From 'The Seas and Shores of England' (Batsford)

Will F. Taylor

Across the Solway Firth, for centuries the frontier of the Roman Empire, rises Criffell in Scotland

Part of the fascination of the marshes that fringe the Solway is this same aloofness from the orderly pattern into which cultivated land has been made to fit. True, sheep and cattle graze on the fine marsh grass, but only, as it were, by permission of the elements. Ever so often a great tide sweeps up, backed by westerly gales, and unless the herdsman have anticipated it there is terrible loss among the animals.

It is hard to say when the marshes are most beautiful. In summer, shafts of sunlight slip between the white and grey clouds that pack the vast arch of sky, and illumine the carpet of sea-pinks, turning the whole marsh to pale rose. Thick on the ground are the nests of gulls and terns, matted twigs washed up by the winter tides, on which the mottled green eggs are casually laid. Overhead the birds hang like snowflakes, and their crying fills the empty air. To north, east and west are the fells, blue as sloes or sand-pale in sunshine. One cause of the strange beauty of the scene is the almost total absence of green, without which English landscape is unimaginable.

This absence is maintained in winter, when every blade of grass is muffled in hoar frost.

Then the colour-scheme is muted white, ice-blue and gold, where the sun burnishes every pool and channel.

You will not be able to see the marshes from the train, but they are there, north and west of Carlisle, an integral part of Cumberland scenery.

You can't see the west coast either, the string of mining towns on the coalfield. But for the accident of the iron and coal measures, Cumberland would still be, like Westmorland, a purely agricultural county, and half the problems of Lake District preservation societies would not exist.

Also out of sight of the main line is the Eden valley under the long scarp of the Pennines. This lovely river, one of the best salmon and trout streams in the North of England, comes down Mallerstang from the wild heart of Yorkshire, past Kirkby Stephen and the pleasant town of Appleby, and enters Cumberland near Penrith. Its progress to the sea is a royal one. Undeified by industry, it retains its mountain purity to the end. Its shining waters mirror hanging woods, great houses, graceful bridges. Lambs and rabbits gambol on its banks, and sand-martins in their restless thousands skim the surface, like



Joan Curli

Lanercost Abbey, built of stones from the Roman Wall, was founded in 1169 and suffered much from unwelcome, if illustrious Scottish visitors, including Robert Bruce and David, King of Scotland

shoals of flying fish. Redshanks and oystercatchers utter their sweet wild cries, and the sandpiper whistles like a boy. All the long spring evening the curlews rise and fall in their aerial dance, while the peewits flash and tumble about the brown furrows.

The curlew's call, so rare in other counties, is heard continuously in Cumberland. In winter, big flocks move about between the estuaries and the river meadows. In summer, every field has its pair, even within the city boundary of Carlisle.

Its song, with that of lark and pipit, is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the Border country, a vast expanse of hill and dale, moor and bog, impressive more by its extent than by its altitude, practically uninhabited. The wonder is that anyone lives there at all, so great are the distances between farms and from any good road. As it is, Farglow and Hopealone are more than names on the map; they are homes in which men of the bold Border breed are still reared. The vicar of Gilsland, on the Roman Wall, walks out and holds a service in each in turn.

You won't see anything of the Wall from the train, though it crossed the Eden at Carlisle very near the railway bridge, but it

can be traced—and many have followed it—from Bowness-on-Solway to Wallsend-on-Tyne.

You need fine weather for walking the Wall, as the country is empty and lonely. To the south, a ridge of high wet grassland, seamed by the ditches and mounds of the Vallum, hides the gentler Tyne valley, over which tower the Pennines. To the north stretches the Waste, wild and unfenced, towards the blue hills of the Border. Along the tops of basalt cliffs (last outcrop of the great Whin Sill), down into wooded hollows, through flowery fields, runs the Wall, sometimes overgrown with grass and trees, sometimes draped with yellow rock-roses for all the world as if it had been the boundary of some suburban garden and not the limit of the Roman Empire and the outermost edge of civilization.

As you cross the Border, look back for a moment at Cumberland; on your left the long line of the Pennines, on your right the shapely Skiddaw range and the silver streak of the Solway; between them the pleasant stone villages, the becks and bridges, fields and woods. It is a county that deserves to be more than a corridor to Scotland.

The Welfare of the West Indies

by PROFESSOR T. S. SIMEY

Many up to date gentlemen has arrived in this Colony,
Each in their various capacity,
And there is an outstanding one residing here presently,
Prof. T. S. Simey of the W.I. Development Committee.

THIS was the first verse of an 'ode' sung in my honour by 'Gorilla', a member of the Trinidad Calypso Association, when I arrived there in 1941 as a member of the staff of West Indies Development and Welfare, an offshoot of the Colonial Office then under the direction of Sir Frank Stockdale as Comptroller. It was indeed a strange experience for me. 'Gorilla' arrived in my office with two friends, and proceeded to sing this 'ode' (which has six verses) to me, in the presence of two unappreciative colleagues of mine, whom I had just met, and whose regard I had yet to obtain. Unfortunately for me, we shared the same room and so they could not be shaken off to allow me to handle the situation in decent privacy. 'Gorilla' and his friends proceeded to sing other things too, and showed a strange reluctance to depart, until I realized what they had come for; a purpose which was at least as important to them as their desire to pay their respects to me. This was my first introduction to administrative work in the West Indies. At least, it is perhaps truer to say that it was the first really memorable experience I had, made so by reason of the embarrassment it caused me. Many experiences of the same kind were to come later, but I quickly acquired a defensive technique which I hope will prove useful to me in the future.

My presence in the West Indies takes some accounting for; the war was in full swing at the time, and indeed not going too well for us. Nevertheless I had been taken from a job which had a fairly direct relationship to the war effort, and made Social Welfare Adviser to Sir Frank Stockdale; this was a post for which I had certain special qualifications, as I was in peace-time (as I now am), Professor of Social Science at the University of Liverpool. The fact that this action was taken indicated that His Majesty's Government

attached a considerable measure of importance to the activities of West Indies Development and Welfare, despite the preoccupations of the war, and it was this, on my side, which led me to accept the post.

The West Indies have been regarded for some time as one of the hot spots of colonial government; the kettle has simmered out there for many years—when it has not been boiling over. It did this in 1938 to some effect; strikes and 'disturbances' took place all round the Caribbean region, and tremendous publicity was given to the whole affair. A series of local enquiries were held into the causes, and these disclosed so many disturbing facts that a full-dress Royal Commission was set up to go into the problems more deeply, and on the spot. The Commission reported in 1939; its labours resulted in the appointment of Sir Frank Stockdale and his staff in 1941, to act as a permanent 'follow-up' organization, with the primary duty of promoting administrative action to carry out the Royal Commission's recommendations. The result of the peregrinations of the Commission, and its patient hearing of everybody's grievances, was to let off a lot of steam. This reduced the pressure at a critical time, but the fires beneath were not extinguished, and it was the need for quenching them that brought about the appointment of Sir Frank Stockdale and his staff, including myself. Even a couple of years after I got out to the West Indies, a local joke current amongst those who were responsible for the well-being of Trinidad, had it that a "sissy" could best be defined as "a man who refused a Trinidad Government job and went into the commandos".

Prolonged fumbling with the problems of the West Indies, from the time when the slaves were finally given their freedom in 1838 onwards, has shown that their basis is in the defects of the social structure of the West Indian communities. This conclusion sounds obvious enough, but it is difficult to make practical use of it because of the extraordinary confusion and obscurity which veil the actual structure of present-day West Indian society. Exactly how this has come about would take



E. S. Sones

The century-old Great House of an abandoned coffee estate in the Blue Mountain region, Jamaica: a relic of the charm and dignity that existed in slave-holding days for the few, amid the squalor that still besets the many in the West Indies. The damaged roof is evidence of a recent hurricane.

a long time to explain. It is too easy to say with one school of thought, that the social background of the West Indian peoples is to be found in the fact that they are basically African. It is no less easy to agree with the other (bitterly opposed) school of thought, that all that was African went by the board as a result of the oppression suffered by the slaves on the sugar estates, and that our troubles are due to the fact that the existing pattern of living was shaped entirely by the economic forces brought to bear on the human material in the West Indies in subsequent years.

As in most of the other concerns of the West Indies, there is little agreement and much conflict in this discussion, which is based on an almost total absence of information that can be relied on. Both schools of thought have to solve many really difficult problems if they are to reconcile the facts with their views. The most difficult of these is to give some plausible explanation for the fact, which even a superficial investigation will show, that the social structure of the West Indian peoples (like the climates of the West Indian Colonies) is very similar wherever one goes. It would be foolish to jump to conclusions, and say that this is brought about by contacts between the peoples of the various islands and territories; those who say this sort of thing can never have been to the West Indies, and share my

own ignorance of five years ago. (Some will even share the misconceptions of a certain official who, when offered a job in British Guiana, replied referring to "the post in New Guinea"—a territory then occupied by the Japanese!) It is a fact only known to those who take their geography seriously, that the spread of the Caribbean Colonies is immense. They extend in a slanting direction from British Honduras in the north-west to British Guiana in the south-east, over a span of more than 2000 miles. A comparable group of islands and territories would be the British Isles (including the Channel Islands) plus the Balearic Islands, Sicily, Crete and Cyprus. The imaginary 'group' extends, of course, further from north to south, and involves wider changes in climate. But it involves hardly any more changes in social background, for we find in both groups, peoples speaking English, French and Spanish. And, in addition, there are in the West Indies large numbers of East Indians (who form about half the population of British Guiana, and a third of that of Trinidad), Chinese, Syrians, aboriginal Indians, not to speak of samples of the people of Britain, every European country, the United States, and Central and South America. So far as a general mix-up is concerned, the West Indies have it every time.

How then can we speak of 'basic similar-

ities' when the Negro is largely influenced, so far as outward appearances are concerned, by the peoples under whose domination he has lived, becoming a good Spaniard in Puerto Rico, a good Englishman (or Irishman?) in Barbados, and a good Frenchman in the Windward Islands? The answer is, that however different the peoples may appear to be at first sight, the same fundamental pattern of living asserts itself as soon as one looks beneath the surface. It is, in fact, positively uncanny that studies of family life in, say, Trinidad and Jamaica, can be so easily interchanged, even though these islands are separated by 1000 miles of sea which can only be crossed in a straight line by the specially favoured air traveller. Before the present war, the shortest sea route between Trinidad and Jamaica was *via* Bermuda, and I am told that some people thought it better to go the whole hog and make the journey between the two islands *via* London.

Where then are the similarities which I

have just mentioned? They exist both in the appearances and in the inner organization of social life. The mention of the West Indian people conjures up a vision of a happy but very poor people, seemingly content to make the best of things, working as labourers on the land, driving their donkeys to market, the women usually attractively dressed in bright colours, and all possessing the physical poise which comes naturally to those who are accustomed to carry everything from a pair of shoes to a bag of flour on their heads. Probing further beneath the surface, one finds them living in terrible squalor in both town or country. If the West Indian is lucky, he herds together (in incredible numbers) in a wooden hut very similar in size and construction to the garage the suburban Englishman keeps his 'baby' car in. If not so lucky, he lives in a hovel put together out of all sorts of odds and ends of rubbish, perhaps with walls made out of plaited bamboo and flattened petrol tins, and the roof of the



Stanford, London



Ministry of Information

West Indian poverty and ill-health contrast with unforgettable scenic beauty. This the visitor finds in all the islands; whether on the windy Atlantic coast of Barbados—

'trash' leaves of the sugar cane. One man told me that this felt very much like "living in a basket". (I am speaking, of course, of the masses. The life of the small fraction of the population included in the middle and upper classes is comparable only to that of similar classes in Great Britain or the United States.)

The really important facts come after still more careful investigation. The health of the West Indian is very poor indeed. It is probably not far from the truth to say that he has either had, or has, or is going to have, venereal disease, and very likely yaws, hookworm, tuberculosis or malaria as well. His diet is poor or downright bad, composed of far too much carbohydrate, resulting in children in the distended stomach called 'starch belly'. I suspect that most working-class people in the West Indies suffer from chronic hunger, and spend much of their time wondering where their next meal is to be found. It is, moreover, an exceptional West Indian who has been brought up by a father and mother living together in the blessings of matrimony. Nowhere in the West Indies are even the majority of the children legitimate. In some islands, notably Jamaica (which includes half the total population of the British

West Indies), the illegitimacy rate may even exceed 70 per cent. This may not be as bad as may appear at first sight, however, because the institution of 'faithful concubinage' sometimes provides something approaching a satisfactory substitute for the institution of marriage. But even here the trend of the times appears to be in a direction we find disturbing.

The typical West Indian family is of one of two types. The linchpin of the first is the 'granny', who lives in a house together with her daughters and her grandchildren, and perhaps also with some of her daughters' 'boy friends' from time to time. Children swarm all over the place, and are regarded as an asset from both the social and the economic point of view. If there are any unoccupied nooks and corners, more children may be acquired from less fortunate people by gift or in various more casual ways. This type of family is sometimes rather inaccurately referred to as the 'matriarchy'. The second type has a more strictly 'patriarchal' basis. It is found most frequently amongst peasant cultivators; the male head is supreme amongst the peasantry, so much so that the woman usually occupies the position of a 'keeper', and may be turned



T. S. Simey

—or on Blue Mountain Peak, Jamaica, in the stillness of sunset. The hut shown is used in much the same way as a Youth Hostel, a movement just beginning in Jamaica

out of the house by the man at his own pleasure. Until proper research has been carried out, it is impossible to say which is the more important in the sense that it will probably be the prevailing type in the future. My own impression is that the first is encountered with much greater frequency.

These disturbing facts are all the more so because the population is growing rapidly all the time. Were it not for this, it might be just possible to institute a series of reforms enabling us to catch up with things in a reasonably short time. But the situation is an even more difficult one than might be supposed from what has been said so far. The density of the population of Barbados, for instance, is now 1178 to the square mile; it is rapidly growing, and the rate of growth will greatly increase as soon as more modern health measures are introduced. (The density of the County of London is only slightly more than three times as great.) The population of Jamaica, which now stands at 1,237,063, has expanded to that figure from 377,433 in a hundred years, putting on 378,945 in the last twenty years. All these increases are, of course, brought about entirely by natural growth, and not by immigration.

As soon as remedial measures are attempted a vicious circle is found operating. The condition of the people leaves so much to be desired largely because they are so poor. But they are poor, and will remain poor, until their condition can be improved. The attempt, with which I was mainly concerned myself, to find ways and means of making better use of the natural resources of the islands by improving existing methods of exploiting them, is of value. But it can never be sufficient of itself to overcome the main problems of the West Indies. In many areas (notably Barbados) the people are trying to achieve the impossible by attempting to reach an urban, or 'modern', standard of life in what is in fact an urban area, although circumstances compel them, and probably will for many years to come, to base their attempts on an agricultural or rural economy.

All the welfare services for the development of which I was made responsible were planned with these considerations in mind. The facts seem plain enough when stated in this article, but few of them were generally known to, or accepted by, West Indians when I first arrived on the scene. So before anything could be achieved, the policy underly-

ing the welfare services had to be hammered out in such a way that it would be understood, and welcomed, by the staffs who would be made responsible for administering them. A very favourable background for this task was found in Jamaica, where a great deal of most useful work had already been accomplished by Jamaica Welfare Limited, a non-profit-making concern of the 'public corporation' type, before I arrived. Mr Norman Manley, the Chairman of this Company, had already come to a number of conclusions which were obviously sound, and it only remained for me to give the Company my encouragement, and find it additional financial help from Government sources. The development of welfare schemes elsewhere was made possible by bringing the staffs concerned to Jamaica for training, which was carried out in the West Indies Welfare Training Courses of 1943 and 1944, and is being continued at the present time.

For the most part the welfare schemes have been directed to the general business of rural reconstruction, dealing with such services as house building and repair, and the development of cottage industries such as the making of hats and bags out of straw plait, sisal and other fibres both with the object of producing articles for use in the home, and for export or sale to tourists. Classes for women in all types of home-making have been encouraged, and a great deal of attention has been paid to the development of co-operation in all its forms. Perhaps the most important scheme of all, which may eventually indicate how further and more important advances can be made, is the development by Jamaica Welfare Ltd. of a new industry in a very poor parish of Jamaica. Co-operative societies have been started (and have operated for five years and more) in this parish to grow tomatoes, chiefly for export to Canada. A subsidiary industry deals with the rejected fruit, which is canned or made into soups, etc., much of the product of this industry again being exported. The experiment has been a successful one, and has accomplished a task which is vitally important throughout the West Indies, namely, the creation of more economic wealth, and the basing of sounder forms of social life on it, under a carefully prepared scheme linking social and economic objectives together.

Nevertheless, all of this will remain a 'hit and miss' affair until accurate and comprehensive research projects have been carried out into the social and economic structure of the West Indian peoples. All that has been accomplished so far is that the nature of modern techniques has been explained to

responsible West Indian welfare officers, and the first attempts made to reach unanimity amongst them as to what needs most attention at the present time. But little has been achieved in the way of discovering the right methods of tackling the intimidating problems which must be mastered sooner or later. The West Indian working-class man or woman is a very suspicious person, like the countryman everywhere, and it is by no means a source of surprise to anyone with a knowledge of such affairs in this country that he tends to disregard most of the good advice which is given him. Even today, progress is heartbreakingly slow; much of the 'welfare' work which is done reminds one of the ploughing of the waters of the ocean by the ship's bow—which merely results in the waters resuming their original level when the ship goes by.

Nor will anything ever be achieved unless the objective of bringing a typically West Indian community into existence is clearly kept in view. To do this, we must first study the community—or series of communities—as it exists today. Plans for 'development' can only be formulated and applied successfully if they are based on surveys, not only of actual or potential economic forces, but also of social and demographic factors—in other words, of 'human geography'. Except for the material now being produced as the result of the taking of the recent census in Jamaica, we have almost nothing of the kind to go on at the moment. For instance, proposals are put forward from time to time for the building of schools, houses, and similar apparatus for living, in rural areas which are quite unsuitable for cultivation, particularly those which have been rendered barren by soil erosion. The preparation of simple maps would show such things at a glance, but nothing of the kind has been attempted. My recommendations were, in consequence, really only based on a series of 'hunches' or even prejudices; the advice of any other astrologer was as good as mine, for I was unable to meet my many competitors on the ground of objective proof.

The wise administrator therefore holds himself in check at the present time, and begs for the carrying-out of the research work on which alone a sound policy can be based. But his is a voice very much in a wilderness; it is drowned by the glad and enthusiastic cries of active persons of various kinds who seek to revolutionize conditions, if not tomorrow, at least in the near future. Such people want to stabilize the family by imposing penal sanctions on the men responsible for bringing illegitimate children into the



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(Above) Domestic architecture on the mud-flats of British Guiana: the sort of house that the unaided West Indian peasant produces. (Right) An old-fashioned Jamaican family in front of their new home; an experimental type of house designed by Jamaica Welfare Limited, a non-profit-making corporation. The experimental house would be despised by most West Indians because there is no corrugated iron on the roof or glass in the windows. But it is commodious and neat, and satisfies both social and artistic standards



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Two members of a "4H" (Young Farmers') Club, prize-winners at an Achievement Day. The objective of welfare schemes is to enable the countryman to make the best of local materials, whether in the building of houses or the keeping of goats, and to develop a sound family life





Odel Fleming

The West Indies Welfare Training Course in session at Camp Gibraltar, Jamaica, August 1944. Despite the West Indian summer heat the author (who is seen lecturing) had keen audiences. Students from all over the West Indies attended, and received instruction both in the classroom and in the field. The course was the first thing of its kind in the West Indies, and is being continued at present by Jamaica Welfare Limited

world, quite oblivious of the fact that such a measure would not be supported by public opinion, particularly amongst that most important section, the 'grannies', or that it would require the imprisonment of a large proportion of the male population. Some think that marriage can be encouraged by ballyhoo, by getting groups of couples married simultaneously in Mass Weddings. Others imagine that the countryman can be made literate, or 'educated' into more seemly patterns of behaviour by shock tactics. Quite a different school of thought favours downright intimidation. The theft of growing crops is a serious problem throughout the West Indies; so are 'obeah' and occult practices of various kinds. The School of Hard Facts has in this case mastered that of High Hopes, with the result that flogging for 'praedial larceny', and for obeah practices, is commonly resorted to, at least in Jamaica. Yet this measure has been in use for many years with seemingly little effect. Surely it is high time that a more intelligent approach to these problems is tried?

It is on the extent to which my stay in the West Indies, and in particular the part which I played in the Welfare Training Courses, has led to the adoption of a more subtle and a more intelligent approach to the social problems of the Caribbean region, that I shall judge the success or failure of my efforts. I hope that my West Indian friends will apply the same test when they act as my judges, for I should not like my reputation to stand or fall on the extent to which administrative action will be undertaken in the immediate future to alleviate their lot. Not only have we first to educate ourselves to make a fresh and better-informed approach to their pro-

blems, and then to prepare a sound scheme for action: but there is also the unfortunate fact to be faced that the West Indies are in no way behind our own country in producing an administrative system which it is hard to get into motion, and in which many things get snarled up in surprising and unexpected ways. There is much disentangling both of thoughts and of machinery to be done before progress generally and 'development' in particular in the West Indies can be accelerated so as to fit in with the rhythm of the 20th century.

There is some reason to hope that progress will be made along sound lines in the future, as a pooling of the material and intellectual resources of the Caribbean region has been achieved in the constitution of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission. This body was established in 1942, with the primary object of dealing with the acute difficulties which had arisen in the Caribbean as the result of submarine activity. The Commission accomplished a great deal of successful work in organizing the despatch of supplies and arrangements for transport, which probably did more than anything else to maintain standards of life and public order in the region throughout the war, and in promoting a variety of other undertakings such as fisheries research. An offshoot of the Commission is the Caribbean Research Council. Most of the attention which has been given in the past to social problems in the Caribbean has come from American scholars; the only satisfactory full-length study of one of the Caribbean peoples is Professor Leyburn's brilliant work on *The Haitian People*, whilst the only helpful preliminary survey of the social problems of any

of the British West Indian Colonies is Martha Warren Beckwith's *Black Roadways: A Study of Folk Life in Jamaica*. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the Caribbean Research Council will provide an opportunity for the sociologists of the United States to make their contribution to the solution of colonial problems in this way. Arrangements have already been made for establishing Sectional Committees within the Council, in the fields of Agriculture, Nutrition, Fisheries, and Forestry; Public Health; Economics; Sociology; and Manufacturing Industry. American influence must inevitably play a large part in

establishing the 20th-century rhythm in the West Indies; and there is every reason to encourage the exercise of this influence so that it may be brought to bear directly and constructively on the human material now being moulded into a new shape, rather indirectly or perhaps destructively.

I end with the hope that the results of my activities in the last four years have justified 'Gorilla' in singing in 1941,

The Indies should certainly be proud indeed,
To have such a gentleman in the time of need,
For Professor Simey every one can bet
In his capacity is really an asset.

Jonathan

by E. A. MAYNIER

This is a true story, slightly abridged (with fictitious names) from a 'case study' contributed by Mr Maynier to a collection made by Professor Simey. It throws fresh light on two problems of West Indian social life that are frequently discussed: the looseness of family structure mentioned in Professor Simey's article; and the patterns of local behaviour which go by the names of 'irresponsibility' and 'laziness'. These are seen not to be bred in the bone, but to be parts of an interconnected system of social life, and to undergo rapid transformation when the individual whose behaviour exhibits them is transplanted into a fundamentally different social and economic environment

JONATHAN went to the States last year as a farm worker. He came back last week, according to him, at his own request, because he was sick, and wanted a little sunshine "to cure his chest"; but he does not want to stay home "no time at all", after he gets better.

Jonathan is twenty-seven years old. He was born in a little village three miles from A. In banana days, it used to be quite a flourishing place; everybody who had lands planted bananas, or if they hadn't, it was easy to get work on the big properties around. They planted no food crops. The village has gone down and down; work is hard to get nowadays, and after last year's storm, if it hadn't been for food tickets distributed by the Police to enable them to buy flour, and a little brown rice, the people would have starved. There isn't even a Chinese shop in the village (which means that there is very little business to be done there), and the villagers are for the most part superstitious and 'dark'; the children are, on the whole, badly nourished, and it is only in the past few years that there has been a

school in the district. It is a Government school kept in the Wesleyan church; formerly the children had to walk to A. to school.

Jonathan is not really sure of his surname, as his aunt Mary who is his mother's sister raised him from a baby, and she died of "old age" last year. He does not know her surname, and does not know if she called him Thompson for any special reason, and he does not know if Thompson is on his "age paper". It may have been her own name. She used to live in Cuba, saved her money, and when she came back to Jamaica she bought a piece of cultivation, and also made tenement houses and rented them out. She lived in a three-roomed board and shingle house, and as she had no children of her own, she adopted him, and another girl Annie she brought with her from Cuba. Later, she also took his brother Andrew.

He used to go to A. Government school. He liked school and the teacher really tried with him, but his head was thick and he "didn't know what happened to his brains,

but he scarcely learnt anything"; now he can read and write a very little, and can add simple sums "to help himself"; it is with difficulty he can make out a newspaper, if someone helps him with the hard words.

As he made little progress in school, his aunt let him help with the cultivation. On Sundays he used to go to church and Sunday school, and he had plenty to eat, which is why he now has a strong and well-made body. When he was about seventeen years old, he decided to go out and try for himself, so he went to the Bay to look for work. He found a job as yard boy for a "teacheress" where he was paid at first 8s. a week, and got a room for himself. He didn't have much to do, and in his own words "he took it easy". He "was supposed to mow lawn, and look after gardening" (garden), "and go a street" (run errands) which he liked best of all, as he could dawdle as long as he liked on the shop piazzas gossiping to his friends, and sometimes when the day was hot, he would manage a sea bath. After some months he squealed about his pay, and got 9s. per week, which was standard pay for a yard boy.

He was a very lazy boy indeed. In appearance he was a thick-set, well-built black fellow with a round heavy face, and small even teeth which were remarkable because they were always clean and not decayed. He had a ready grin, and frequently exasperated his employer because it was impossible to even make him *look* sorry for anything. He had a plausible excuse for every fault, and when he hadn't a leg to stand on, which was pretty often, he grinned all the same. It seemed impossible to make any sort of impression on him; he took nothing seriously and he had two speeds, Slow and Stop. The teacher thought he was only a shade better than a complete imbecile. He was always slow and deliberate in his movements; his speech was drawling, and as he had a surprisingly deep voice and a real "mountain man" way of expressing himself, one generally ended up by laughing at him. He always had an excuse for the weeds catching up on him that the "lawn mow!" needed sharpening. Later, it was discovered that he would rent out the mower in the evenings at a modest rental, which went into his pockets, and that was why the mower could never remain sharp.

He wasn't dishonest exactly; that is, he wouldn't steal money entrusted to him, he would always account for change, but he believed in "using his brains to help himself", and he had his own code; he did not work more than six hours straight for a week, he

only spread out his work to last for a week, and more or less he was "around the premises most of the week-days". He was very fond of the dog Himmler, and would take him down to the sea several times a day if possible, not so much for Himmler's benefit as for his own. Whenever there was a function at the Rectory next door, Jonathan was the first volunteer assistant, until it came to light that he was charging 3d. for admission through the garage window to his friends, whereas other people had to walk through the gate and pay 1s.

Over and over, during the course of two years, he got the sack, but he never actually went. Sentence was always suspended on promise of better behaviour, which was never fulfilled. When the teacher was away in England, and another teacher and his wife went there to act, they found the same faults in Jonathan; and later, when the house was rented to the Harbour Master, he inherited Jonathan; later yet, it was rented by the District Engineer and Jonathan seemed to have had pretty much the same effect on all of them. He looked such a strong, healthy, willing fellow that everyone hoped to get a little work out of him. The engineer was keen on tennis, and raised his wages to 10s. a week as he had to look after the court; but after a while he came to realize that Jonathan just didn't want to do anything, so he tried to get rid of him, but didn't succeed in doing that either, until one day Jonathan took his own discharge, because he found a job that suited him better down at the Club at 15s. per week.

There were no hard feelings on either side when he went. He carried on much the same at the club; but he was left more or less to his own devices, and didn't have a Missis to "hige" (nag) him every day, so he was completely happy. It wasn't long before he got on the nerves of the club people, as usual, owing to his habit of disappearing when he felt like it. Anyway his days were probably numbered when a friend wangled a ticket for him to go to America.

He remained about one year. Physically, there is little change in him. He has picked up a number of Americanisms, and he complains "how hard it is to bear the heat over here"; and when he remembers he tries to "talk through his nose". He had passed through one winter, and it was the "awfullest thing he had ever seen"; but, he said, he wasn't a boy any longer, he was a man, and not only an ordinary man, but a "famby man"; and at the slightest encouragement you will have to see several snapshots of his "girl", and

read a form, which he said came straight from Washington. It is only a statement of income tax; but Jonathan was fairly bursting with pride that he was getting so much salary that, before he got his wages, they had to take out income tax, social security and old age insurance, as well as Jamaican savings (compulsory), and his board and lodging at the Camp. He earned 54 dollars per week, and when all these charges had been taken out, he had 24 dollars to do whatever he liked with. He liked good clothes and good living, but he managed to save a few dollars on his own, every week, as well. Altogether, the Government had saved 450 dollars for him, which up to now he hadn't touched, and if he hadn't been sick it would have been more. Some fellows had more than he to their credit.

When he left Jamaica he went to Darby, New York State, near Auburn. He lived in camp with other Jamaican farm workers, and he used to make several trips to Canada. He had been to Niagara Falls, the "wonderfullest thing I ever seen". He worked on a farm, planting tomatoes. For a time, he worked in a canning factory canning beans and tomatoes. He worked alongside Jamaicans, German prisoners and American citizens both white and coloured. "They used to pay we 75 cents an hour. They paid both the white and coloured 'Mericans more than the Jamaicans; they treat we just the same, though we had the hardest work". He thought that was fair; it was only right that the Jamaicans being foreigners should get less pay, "as it was up to dem own government to look after dem own people first—not like dem does here; every foreign man, especially if dem skin is white, get preference over de Jamaican in the line of job. Dat don legal." He had to pay 8.75 dollars a week for his board and lodging in the camp; but he was fortunate, as all the time he was in steady work, except when he was sick.

The sanitary conditions were not so bad. "They put we to sleep three in a room." He didn't care much for the food. "The 'Mericans don't use fresh meat, but serve stale meat off the ice; you have to take axe to cut de fish, and they eat plenty Irish potatoes" (which he thinks very insipid). The cooks were Jamaicans and sometimes they would get rice and bread and good soup. But even if the food wasn't quite "up to his suiting", he could eat as much as he could hold. "Living was fine in that State", but he got pneumonia and had to go to hospital. They treated him real good, and he didn't want to come out. He had "bath every morn-

ing and nurse to rub his back with alcohol, and powder him, and shake up his bed. But dem is funny people; dem done give you no medicine, only bare pill; everything is pill, and if you sick bad, injection", and he didn't feel he got any real doctoring; but the nursing was better than anything he had ever dreamt could be in this world, and the reason he wanted to come out was that, while you are in hospital, there is no money coming in.

After he was discharged, he got a transfer to a foundry in Newburgh. He had to sign a new contract, and the work was much harder. He had to work ten hours at a stretch for six days a week, or rather six nights a week, as he was not fortunate enough to get day work, which was a disappointment to him, as he would have liked to go to night school, and get a little educating.

"The boys in camp discuss lots of things over there they didn't bother their heads with at home. Dey is getting wise now and see things get in a modern days now. New problems draw up every month, and you can't run down your prestige. And dem see things now, they never did hear of before, so if dem don't get wise to demselves and learn now, dem can't learn nothing no more. Over dere, even big man can go a school. Children get schooling whether their parents can afford to pay or not, and whether they have clothes to go or not. We boys talk it over dere. Here, as you reach age, dem turn you out. If your parents don't have it, or don't got the mind to send you, dem don't keep you in school. So we is always behind schedule. And we *gots* to be, dem sort of a way."

His boss treated him "high-class". His pay was 54 dollars and 50 cents for six days' work. Income tax used to "puzzle him plenty, as he never heard 'bout that before". (Apparently he thought of it as an American institution; he was very surprised to hear that income tax was an institution here too, and had been for many years.) He said, "the boys puzzle 'nuff 'bout it too, till they get cooled down to it and pay"; they seemed to think it was a cunning trick to rob them as foreigners, and were only reconciled to it when they "got the understanding of it", that it was payable by Americans too, and that the rates were laid down by their Government. They didn't mind the 13 dollars a week for Jamaican savings.

According to him, things were very expensive in the States; but although you had to spend money, you got good things for it. "You had to pay 35 dollars for one suit of clothes, made special; the jacket is long and very stylish, and the trousers made so small,

you have to pull off your shoes before you can take off your pants; and 50 dollars you have to pay for a coat!"

He remained in Newburgh six months, and had pneumonia twice more; the last time was in January when he caught a cold going out in too light things to a dance. He had no complaint to make of conditions over there; and so liked the place that it was only "sake of" him being really "sick unto death" (and a little homesick too) that he asked them to release him for a few weeks to go home and "recruit".

He got friendly with a boy by the name of Harry, who was also working in the foundry. Harry was very well off by his standards; "but in that country, don't matter how comfortable off you are, you must either work or fight". Harry invited him home, and introduced him to his sister. The family ran a saloon, and owned their own place, and a farm; all the family worked. The girl was a barmaid, but she was "well educated" and had her own car. She was pretty too, light dark, and plenty clearer than he. Her name is Dorothy Flyte (he had some trouble recalling her surname). Four weeks ago he got married. A 'Merican parson married them.


They were very friendly, but they wouldn't marry so quick if she wasn't expecting a baby, and in that country "you get trouble if you live any way funny". The authorities are very particular too, and took blood tests from both of them. The idea of marrying had never entered his head before. At home, he had plenty of girl friends; so far as he knows, he never had children by any of them; but in any case, he thought that marrying a wife "was not for all like him, and he certainly wasn't looking to get married at his age, and in a foreign country, but as it was the law, I just decide to stand up like a man, and hold up my head. They give you jail for living a sweetheart life." To his surprise, he found that instead of trouble he put his head into, he became more important as a married man. "It is a good life for who can live to it. It is more respectable like to have fambly, with a wife and two or three pickney running round the house." He seemed very taken with the idea of having a real high-class wife; every now and then he would say, "Me Jonathan have wife; she have a ring, and me have one too. I would glad if dem would get that law over here. All like you who have mouth to talk, and can speak in a educated way, make people listen to you, should talk up a

law like dat. Too much bastard pickney going around here. Dem don't got no chance from de time dey born. In 'Merica, dey have more sense dan to 'low dat. A woman who have bastard, dey call her a whore, and she don't jus' get recognize. If dey catch dem, both parents go to jail, and the Government take away the pickney, because dey recognize dey is too workless" (worthless) "to have charge of chile".

"Everywhere there is good and bad, but here, the girls is different. Over there, you has to respect a lady, and everything him" (she) "says goes. When you marry a wife, you response for her, and you have to support her, or she carry you to a court house. She work too, and put a big value on herself. You can't treat her any sort or way. Over here, the Island can't produce work for the people dem, and you have to work on a promissory note. If you harass your employer, you might get a raise, but it is only shilling, shilling on your pay. Employer like everything to come in, and nothing to go out; and dey will promise you say, 'Jonathan, if you work hard, you will get good wages,' and don' care how Jonathan work, his wages not coming to something he can see. So when I was working first, I make up my mind to work according to de pay, because employer promise break down your mind off of de work. And den dem say, you don't got no ambition."

He "don't mind how hard he has to work over there, because you get something for it, a home and fambly. Partly every week over there, dem have wedden" (wedding). "They take it make nutten" (nothing). "Everyone wants to stand up like a man."

As soon as he is well enough, he expects his wife will send for him. It never occurred to him that now she is married to him, she is a British citizen; and if after the war, aliens are turned out, he might be forced to return with her to Jamaica. Anyway he hopes for the best; that is, so far as he is concerned, that he will be able to get back to the United States and live with his wife. He hopes he has a son; the baby is expected in five months' time, and everything he can save up, he will, as he wants him to have a place in life, and "nothing would sweet him more than to be able to have him trained as a doctor", which he thinks is a fine profession. He would like to carry out his wife and baby to see Jamaica, and get to know his folks, but he hopes they will never come here as anything else but tourists.



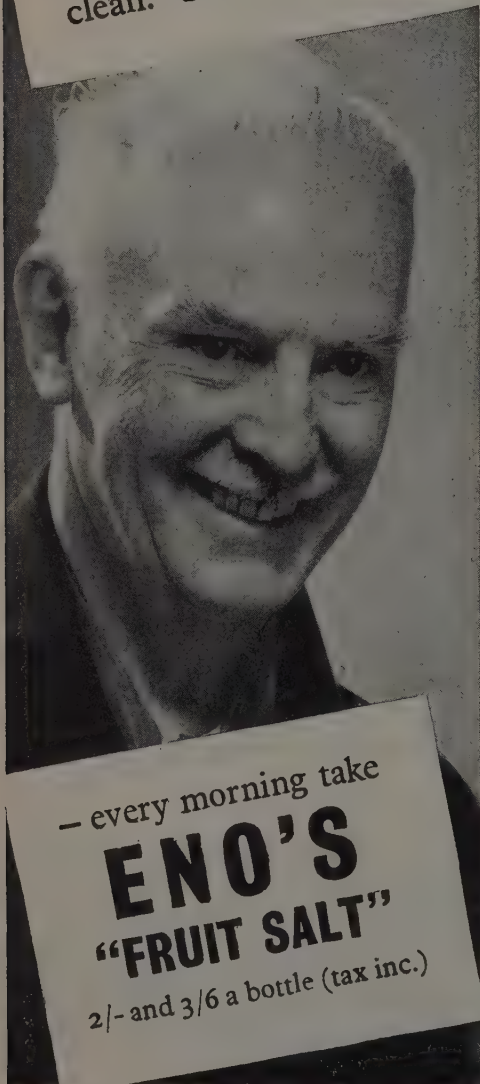
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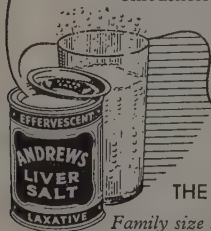
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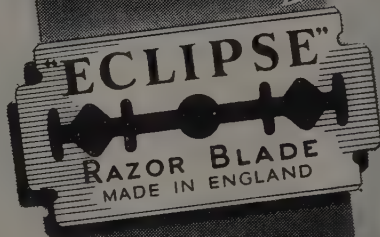
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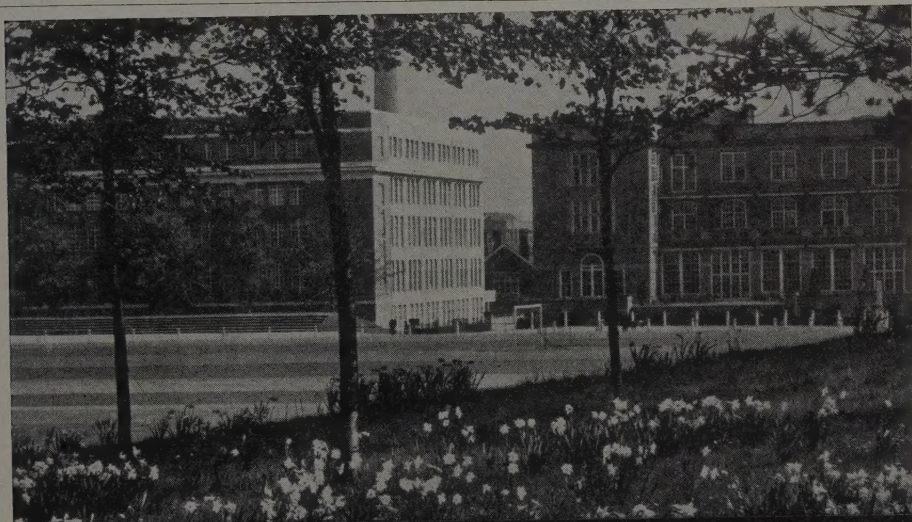
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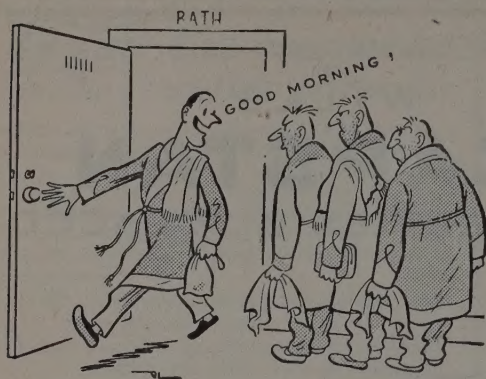


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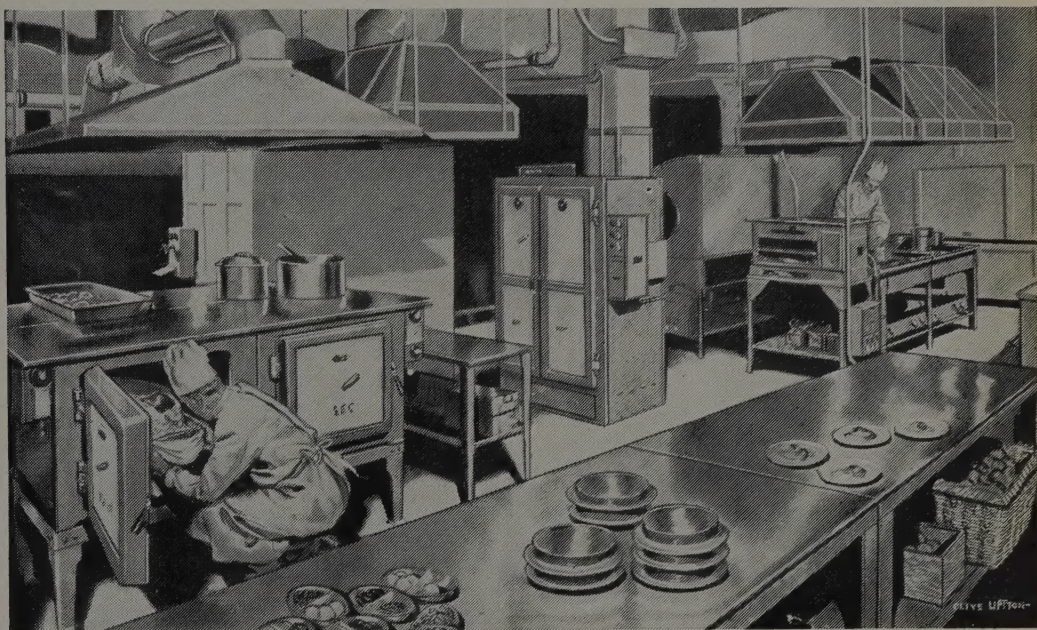
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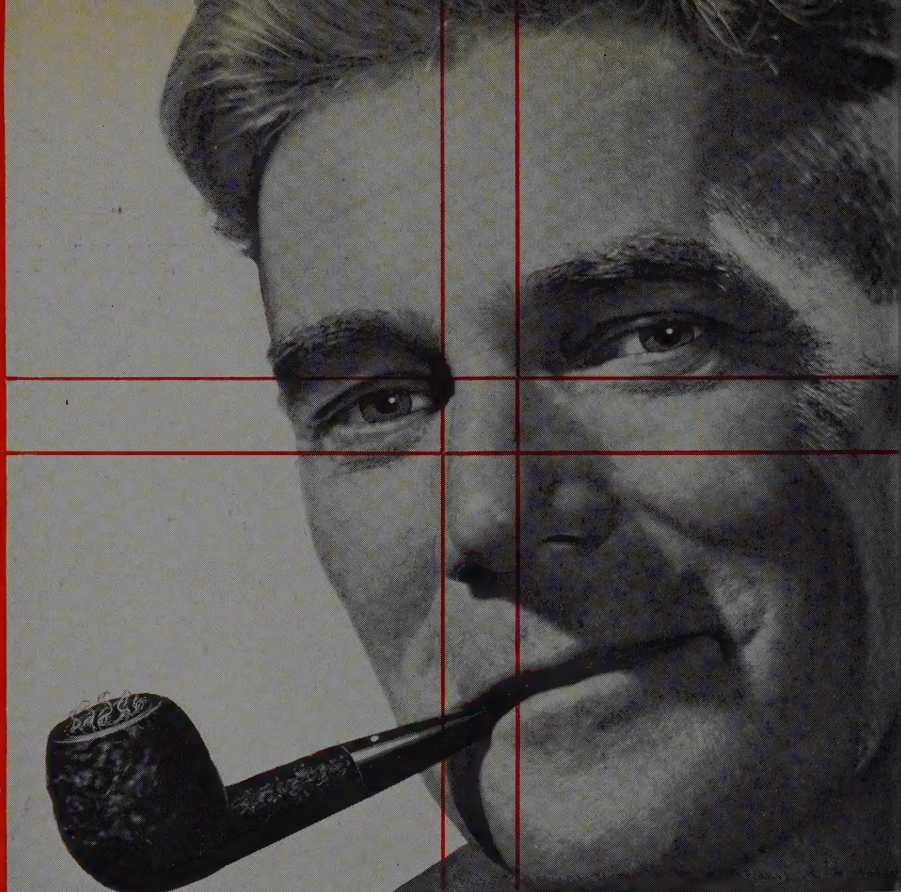
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